

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1863, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 571—VOL. XXII.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

Maximilian, Exit.

THE so-called Mexican Empire totters to its fall. The Empress has gone to France to try the effect of a woman's entreaties and tears on the Napoleonic heart, and extract another subsidy from his sympathies. She will represent what, indeed, is obvious to everybody, that unless Napoleon opens his purse-strings once more, her husband will be obliged to leave Mexico long before the time fixed for the final withdrawal of the French troops. She will represent, further, that his departure may be so precipitated, that France will have no time to arrange the terms of the indemnity which is to be left as a charge on the Mexican treasury, furnishing a pretext for future annoyances and interventions. How far these representations may be successful remains to be seen. It may be that Napoleon will feel that he cannot afford to have the year signalized by the failure of his plans both in the New World and the Old. Two rapidly succeeding blows to his prestige may be more than he can bear philosophically, and he may think the postponement of the catastrophe in Mexico to another year worth another hundred million of francs. If so, the flight of Maximilian may be delayed, but rendered none the less certain.

In Mexico itself the opposition of the people to the Empire and the French is taking a more decided and active form; and were it not for the insane quarrels and intrigues among the Mexican leaders, the intervention would be brought to a speedy and bloody close. As it is, Juarez, the only Mexican chief who has exhibited constancy, courage, and good sense, has managed to gain some substantial advantages. The capture of Matamoras, followed as we now hear by that of Monterey and Tampico, clears the north of Mexico of invaders, who in the south never gained any firm foothold.

These captures are perhaps of more importance from their indirect than their direct results, inasmuch as they have elicited from the American Government a threat to Maximilian; and a threat to him is a note of encouragement to the Mexicans. With unaccountable stupidity, the so-called Emperor, after finding himself unable to hold Matamoras and other important points, proceeded to

declare them in a state of blockade, or, rather, to close them to foreign and coasting trade, and to subject goods entering the country from them to confiscation.

This revival of pretensions, long ago repudiated by maritime nations, rustled the cobwebs of the State Department, and stirred the dust on the piles of unread "Diplomatic Correspondence" in that cave of optimism. It called out a Proclamation from the President, countersigned by the Secretary of State, whose name has too seldom appeared in such satisfactory connection, setting forth and proclaiming "that the decree of Maximilian, by declaring a belligerent blockade, unsupported by competent military or naval force," violated

the laws of nations and the rights of the United States under treaties with Mexico; and that, in consequence, it would "be held null and void" and "disallowed." The publication of this proclamation was simultaneous with the departure of a squadron for the Rio Grande.

Of course the Austrian adventurer "asserting himself to be Emperor of Mexico," will either abrogate his decree or abstain from enforcing it, and Matamoras will be open as a depot for the accumulation of such material, warlike or otherwise, as the Republican Government of Mexico may have the ability to purchase. We anticipate no collision between the United States and the "Imperial" authorities, but the latter must lose much in prestige, in-

fluence and power by the issue of this proclamation. It is worth a victory in the field to the Liberals, besides affording them some substantial facilities.

General Lew. Wallace, an officer who served with distinction in the Union army during the war, it is said, has reached Matamoras, and is ready to throw his heavy sword into the scale of Mexican politics. The sympathies of the general in favor of the Liberal cause have been often expressed, and are well known. A call from him for recruits to the Mexican army would be responded to by thousands who would never dream of putting themselves under the command of a Mexican officer. If long adversity has taught the Mexicans anything, it

must be the importance of banishing from their hearts the jealousy and suspicion of foreigners which have prevented emigration and the development of their country. Should General Wallace espouse their cause in the field, they must give him the confidence and support which his generosity deserves, and to which his abilities and experience entitle him. With him as Generalissimo of the Republican forces, no one doubts that Maximilian and his mercenaries, French, Austrians, Belgians and traitors, would all be expelled the country long before the time fixed by the French Emperor for the departure of the second installment of his legions. We should rejoice to see Americans accomplish, as individuals, what their Government should have long ago done for them and in their name—that is, the expulsion of the French from Mexico by force of arms.

The Confederation of the Andes.

THE tendency of States whose populations are affiliated, but which have been kept apart by dynastic and other influences to come together and consolidate, as a means of securing strength, respect, and the growth of a high and manly spirit among the people, is shown in Italy and Germany, and is manifesting itself among the isolated and weak republics of this continent. The alliance between Peru, Chile, Ecuador and Bolivia, was formed for the primary purpose of resisting Spanish insolence and aggression; but it is not impossible, and it ought to be easy, to modify and make



"EXPECTATION."—FROM A PAINTING BY KRETZSCHMER, BERLIN.—SEE PAGE 389.

it permanent. In fact, the question of uniting the four republics is now freely and favorably discussed in the several States. It is proposed to call the consolidated State, "THE CONFEDERATION OF THE ANDES," with its capital in Lima. The approximate population of the confederation would be as follows:

Peru.....	2,500,000 inhabitants.
Chile.....	1,500,000 "
Bolivia.....	500,000 "
Ecuador.....	1,000,000 "
Total.....	5,500,000 "

The total present revenues of these States are collectively about \$30,000,000, of which it is proposed to set aside one-fifth for general or common expenditures. Peru it is proposed to divide into two States: Northern Peru, with its State Capital in Truxillo, and Southern Peru, with its Capital in Arequipa. The territory now in controversy between the several republics to be regarded as federal property.

There are two difficulties in the way of the realization of this scheme: the first is, that Peru would be loth to give up her rich returns from the guano islands, the handling of which and consequent personal enrichment of those in power, is the pivot of Peruvian politics; and second, the wretched spirit of localism that hostilizes departments, districts, cities, and even villages. It is only necessary for Arequipa to favor a measure in order to insure the opposition of Lima, or vice versa. In the wretched little State of Nicaragua, for instance, it is not enough that Leon and Granada should be in deadly antagonism, but little tumble-down places like Rivas and Legoria must have blood feuds.

Hitherto the principle of repulsion, rather than that of attraction, has been most active among the Hispano-American States, and it will be fortunate, indeed, if the outrages of France and Spain shall teach them the necessity, to say nothing of the policy of Union. We have fought a terrible war to maintain and perpetuate it, and Germany is now fighting another to achieve it. Our sister republics should take heed, and not wait to be driven to accept or adopt what is obviously politic, useful and essential to safety and greatness.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York. Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

The Delirium of Speech.

Few statesmen, however well trained and collected, ever undertook to speak to a popular assemblage on matters personal to themselves, who were not betrayed into saying something which they would afterward like to retract, or which their friends would like to retract for them. A crowd—especially a sympathizing one—music, cheers, torches, are all stimulating and dangerous elements, rousing the speaker often to eloquence, but oftener to extravagance. We have a recent and unpleasant example of this (unfortunately not the first) in the speech of the President to the delegation that waited on him from the late Philadelphia Convention. In that speech he said (and we quote verbatim from the reports):

If I wanted authority, or if I wished to perpetuate my own power, how easy it would have been to hold and wield that which was placed in my hands by the measure called the Freedmen's Bureau Bill. (Laughter and applause.) With an army which I placed at my discretion, I could have remained at the capital of the nation, and with its fifty or sixty millions of appropriations at my disposal, with the machinery to be worked by my own hands, with my satellites and dependents in every town and village, and then with the Civil Rights Bill following as an auxiliary (laughter), in connection with all the other appliances of the Government, I could have proclaimed myself dictator. (Cries of, That's true, and, Three cheers for the President.) But, gentlemen, my pride and my ambition have been to occupy that position which retains all power in the hands of the people. (Great cheering.) It is upon that I have always relied—it is upon that I rely now. (A voice—And the people will not disappoint you.) And I repeat that neither the taunts nor jeers of Congress, nor of a subsidized, calumniating press can drive me from my purpose. (Great applause.) I acknowledge no superior except my God, the author of my existence, and the people of the United States. (Prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.) For the one, I try to obey all His commands as best I can compatible with my poor humanity; for the other, in a political and representative sense, the high benefits of the people have always been respected and obeyed by me. (Loud cheers.)

Conceding that Congress was and is as hostile to the President as he imagines it to be, the fact that it entrusted him with great and extraordinary powers shows that it had confidence in his integrity and his fidelity to the Constitution and the laws. It shows that however widely the American people may differ, they have faith in the common patriotism of the country, and in the patriotism of the man for whose blood traitors howled all the way from Washington to Nashville. That confidence, thus expressed, makes the suggestion that it might be abused by the recipient all the more reprehensible and odious.

When the President claims credit for not abusing the power conferred on him by a hostile Congress, and for not making himself a traitor and usurper, he lays himself open to criticism and censure. It is a gross and impudent assumption on the part of Mr. Johnson that he could, by any use or abuse of his power, and position, make himself "dictator" in a country made up of thirty-five millions of free and intelligent people, all of them his equals, and many of them his superiors. As one of the people—as he boasted himself to be, in his inaugural speech, as Vice-President, with wonderful reiteration—Mr. Johnson must know that a "dictatorship" in the United States, at any time or under any circumstances, is a thing so utterly absurd and impossible, that its bare suggestion by anybody would justify a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. Spoilsmen may fawn and placemen may flatter, and flunkies may lick the soles of the shoes of the man in power; but there is a wide interval between slavishness and treason. The army and navy will obey the behests of the constitutional Commander-in-Chief within the limits of the Constitution and the Law; but no President, accidental or otherwise, could induce or force them to go beyond the line of their duty—least of all to subvert the Government in the interest of any traitor weak and wicked enough to meditate and attempt it. Besides, there would be a thousand American Brutuses for every American Caesar.

As for the idiots who shouted, "That's true!" to the suggestion of the possibility of a dictatorship, they have not the excuse that may be pleaded in apology for the President, namely, "the excitement of the occasion," and the delirious impulse of speech. They were simple place-hunters and sycophants, who would applaud Davis, Solouque, or Santa Ana, if "thrill" might follow fawning.

"Speech is silver—silence, golden," and the President of the United States gains neither in dignity, weight or popularity by speeches in which impulse overpowers intellect, and extravagance is substituted for energy. There are things which, like the virtue of Caesar's wife, are not amenable to discussion, and to which the very allusion is offensive. A "dictatorship" in the United States is one of these, and it becomes all the more offensive when it falls from the lips of a President.

The Metrical System.

CONGRESS, just before its adjournment, adopted a measure of great utility, and which it is to be hoped will be warmly seconded by the people—namely, the legalization of the metrical or decimal system in weights and measures, to conform with the existing system of denominations in values of coin. The act of Congress does not require the adoption of the French or metrical system, but authorizes it, and leaves its substitution for the present illogical and inconvenient system to the good sense and convenience of the public.

The present system is based upon no principle. It is empirical and traditional, confused and uncertain. Every child has trouble to master it, and few men understand any part of it, except that they may use in business. The English foot is a measure founded on the average length of the human foot, and so with the span, the hand and the nail. Three barleycorns make an inch, these barleycorns being supposed to be healthy grains taken from the middle of the ear. The unit of weight is in like manner a grain of wheat. Different kinds of weight, troy weight and avoirdupois weight add to the difficulty of mastering these accidental standards. In short, this system of weights and measures is unknown in other countries, and is not easily understood in our own. It does not correspond with our civilization; and the French system, the universal system, should replace it. The metric system was proposed at Paris in 1790, and the idea was to measure an arc of the earth's meridian, and subdivide it till a new unit was reached. This work was done; and though the measurement is said to have been incorrect by some hundreds of yards, the result is sufficient for all practical purposes. The metre—which is the universal unit—is one ten-millionth part of the distance from the equator to the poles, or 39.37 inches in length. The application of the decimal scale to this standard results in a system of unprecedented regularity and clearness. It is now used in all business transactions in France, and has been adopted by most of the European countries.

The labor and time-economizing Yankee feels a sort of contempt for his landlord in Liverpool, when he sees him footing up the items of his bill under the three heads of £ s. d., dividing the amount of the first column by twelve, and the second by twenty. What consistency, then, is there in the patience with which, after chaining off the number of rods between a hundred separate pairs of field-stakes, he divides the sum of all the measurements by three hundred and twenty to get the total perimeter of his tract in miles? How can he rest contented with a system under which the odd ounces on the tail end of fifty

different invoices of butter must be footed up and divided by sixteen before he knows how many pounds he has—even the poor attempt at something like decimal ease and compactness breaking down entirely under the pressure of that arithmetical bull by which a hundred weight becomes a hundred and twelve weight, and twenty hundred is made to mean twenty-two hundred and forty?

Why should he continue to buy his sherry in barrels whose capacity for gallons he must arrive at by multiplying them into thirty-one and a half, or his beer in receptacles similarly named but requiring another multiplier of thirty-six for the same reduction; when his wife's dresses are measured by yards, eighths, and quarters at the shop—on her fingers at home; when the pipe that brings his Croton runs sixteen ounces, and the silver mug from which his child drinks that Croton, twelve ounces to the pound; when, in fine, every thing about him, save the money in his pocket, must be put through a course of arithmetical gymnastics, involving all the four fundamental processes, if it ever becomes desirable to get an ultimate expression of its quantity? Can he be aware that there is no need of all this bother; that his unwieldy fractional divisors, ponderous multipliers, and several successive reckonings are demanded by no rational law; that the whole chapter of denominate tables is based upon ratios purely arbitrary, or such as, possessing convenience in a rude and unphilosophic antiquity, have lost all claim to it in an age when mathematical precision not only lies in reach of the humblest schoolboy, but is a *sine qua non* in every hourly process of practical life?

In the system now authorized, and which State laws should require to be taught in all our public schools, the unit of measure is the metre, which, as we have said, is the ten-millionth of the geographic quadrant, or the forty-millionth of the earth's whole circumference measured over the poles. The decimal ratios and denominations based upon this standard are tabulated thus:

1 myriametre,	10,000 Metres	100,000 décamètres,
10 kilomètres,		1,000,000 centimètres,
100 hectomètres,		10,000,000 millimètres.
1,000 décamètres,		

The unit of weight called gramme is the weight of one-tenth of a cubic millimetre of distilled water at the temperature of maximum density (4° C., or 39° 2 F.), and the denominations based on it are tabulated as follows:

1 kilogramme,	1,000 Grammes	10,000 décigrammes,
10 hectogrammes,		100,000 centigrammes,
100 décigrammes,		1,000,000 milligrammes

All the other tables of weights and measures, it will be seen, are readily reconstructed on these two bases.

In order to facilitate comparison, we print the subjoined table, which shows the relation between the proposed metrical or decimal system, and that now in use, as regards Length, Surface, Capacity, Solidity and Weight:

Length.		ENGLISH VALUE.
Millimètre (1000th of a m)	0.000937 inches.	
Centimètre (100th of a m)	0.39371 "	
Décimètre (10th of a m)	3.93708 "	or 3.2809 feet.
Mètre (unit of length)	39.3708 "	or 32.808 feet. 10.9363 yards.
Décimètre (10 mètres)	3.93708 "	or 3.2809 feet.
Kilomètre (1000 mètres)	1093.63 yds or 0.62137 miles	
Myriamètre (10,000 mètres)	10936.35 "	or 6.71372 "
Surface.		
Centiare {100th of an are or a sq mètre	1.19603 square yards.	
Are {square décamètre (unit of surface)	119.6033 "	or 0.0247 acres
Deciare (10 ares)	1196.033 "	or 0.2474 "
Hectare (100 ares)	11960.33 "	or 2.4746 "
Capacity.		
Millilitre {1000th of a litre or cubic centimetre	0.06103 cubic inches	
Centilitre (100 of a litre)	0.61027 "	
Déclilitre (10th of a litre)	6.10270 "	
Litre {cubic décamètre (unit of capacity)	61.02703 "	or 1.7607 pints
Décalitre (10 litres)	610.2703 "	or 2.2010 gallons
Hectolitre (100 litres)	6102.703 "	or 22.007 "
Kilolitre {1000 litres or cubic mètre	61.02703 "	or 220.067 "
Myrialitre (10,000 litres)	6102.703 "	or 2200.667 "
Solid.		
Décistère (10th of a stère)	0.3517 cubic feet.	
Stère {cubic mètre	35.1686 "	
Decastère (10 stères)	351.686 "	
Weight.		
Milligramme {1000th of a gramme	0.0154 grains.	
Centigramme {100th of a gramme	0.1544 "	
Décligramme {10th of a gramme	1.5444 "	
Gramme {unit of weight)	15.44 "	
Decagramme (10 grammes)	154.4 "	
Hectogramme (100 "	1544 grs	or 3.2167 oz. troy.
Kilogramme (1000 "	32.16 oz. troy.	or 2.2046 lbs.
Myriagramme (10,000 "	321.63 "	or 22.047 "

Divorce.

In no respect, perhaps, is the difference between the usage of the Mohammedans and of the Roman Catholic Church more marked than on the subject of divorce. Among the former, a formula of a few words, uttered by the man,

dissolves the marriage-tie; the sentence may be spoken hastily or in anger, but once spoken, it is irrevocable. In the latter, marriage is a sacrament; no process of any human court can impair its force, and only by a special dispensation of the head of the church can it be dissolved. If a member of the church should avail himself of the civil law of the country he resides in to break a tie which has become odious, the civil remedy is of course as open to him as to all others; but the church does not recognize any dissolution of the religious bond, and so long as communion with it continues, possesses means, well-known to all, to enforce obedience to its laws. Between these two extremes of laxity and rigor, Protestants have sought a middle course, and it remains to be seen how far, in avoiding Scylla, they have escaped Charybdis.

One result of the Reformation was to remove from the marriage-tie the sanctity which attaches to a sacrament. It ought, logically, to have followed from this, that the civil obligation alone should have been recognized by the adherents of that religious movement, and in the first fervor of separation from the Romish Church such practice did no doubt prevail. The trammels, however, in which the mind of Christendom had been bound for so many centuries were not so easily torn asunder. After a short interval, the new religious teachers, while abjuring the doctrines of Rome, continued her practice, and thus it came to pass that marriage, among all classes of Protestants, was invested with a religious sanctity but little, if any, inferior in force to that of the elder church, whose pale they had left.

The next awakening of the public mind was not religious, whatever else it may have been. The problem of the true relations of government to the governed engaged the attention of earnest men, and the fundamental truth was established that it was not a proper function of government to insist upon religious sanctions to relations which as to government were of a civil nature. So far as public morals were concerned, marriage was declared to be a matter of simple contract between individuals. If to this contract the parties interested chose to add a religious sanction, they were free to do so; but the blessing of the church added in no wise to the binding character of the act itself. Naturally, to a vast majority of people the religious ceremony was the all-in-all of marriage. It was hallowed by tradition. To an event so momentous, involving so deeply the welfare and happiness throughout their lives of two human beings, it would be strange indeed if the most exalted associations and the most impressive ceremonies were not invoked to add all the lustre and dignity that religion can afford. Most especially the mind of woman would be affected by such considerations as these, since marriage to her is in general the beginning of a new life, while to man it is but a phase—an incident of his career. But vows, however solemn, emotions, however deep, or blessings at the altar, however hallowed, are not the essence of marriage. To the priest succeeds the prosaic Registrar, and without his record the preceding ceremony might become an empty pageant. The sanctions of religion are optional; it is the record, duly signed, which is essential.

Our readers will, we trust, perceive why we have dwelt at such length upon the religious, as distinguished from the secular element. For if marriage be exclusively a matter of religion, it is in its nature indissoluble, being under the direct sanction of Him who liveth and changeth not: if it be a civil contract, the same power that bound can unloose.

It was in the United States, where religious freedom has attained its highest development, that the separation of the religious from the civil element of marriage first took place, and where divorce, the logical sequence and counterpart of civil marriages, first became an "institution." It would be a curious inquiry, though beside our purpose here, and possibly one which could never be fairly answered, how the differences between the laws of divorce in the different States arose. Why in one State the courts can grant a divorce for one cause, and one only, while in another, any one of half a dozen causes may suffice? Why in New York, for instance, infidelity alone, should be the only legal ground of divorce; while in some of the Western States such vague charges as desertion, or ill-usage, or intemperance, are admitted as good grounds for dissolving the marriage-tie? Have the emigrants from the Eastern States, who peopled those Western wilds, attained to higher views of human rights and duties than we who have remained on the sea-board? Or is facility for divorce a necessary adjunct to a state of society where matters are yet in a chaotic and unsettled form, and where it is not well that rigid rules of any kind should control the actions of free men? Or is there some subtle climatic influence at work, which leavens society as it advances toward the heart of the continent, and prompts it to throw off the restraints with which the other States bind themselves? What will be the laws of divorce in the States which must shortly border on the

polygamous Territory of Utah? For the right of unlimited marriage is near akin to that of easy divorce—one, in fact, is the complement of the other; and a society which has adopted the one is not far from the stage of morality which welcomes the other.

And again, as to the results. Is it possible to draw any fair conclusion as to the respective morality of the communities among which stringent or lax divorce laws prevail, and what influence on social life and manners such laws have? We fear that these points, though of absorbing interest to the moralist and to an investigator of national character, cannot for the present be satisfactorily determined. Statistics do not help us, for these deal only with figures and facts; and though morals may, in one sense of the word, be called facts, they are of that vague and shadowy kind that elude the perceptions of the census collectors.

But there is one view of the laws of divorce in the different States now forming our nationality which has lately come before the public with disagreeable prominence, and which shows a state of affairs calling loudly for remedy. Each State, as we have said, has its own laws on the subject, varying as to causes for which divorces may be granted. With the facilities of intercourse now existing between all the States, the freest or least stringent code is practically the measure of all the others. For in cases where the laws—for instance, in this State—do not afford the remedy sought for, it is very easy for both the parties to remove to Indiana, and, after a short residence, obtain the relief denied them here. But the abuse is, that one party will remove clandestinely, and without the knowledge of the other obtain a divorce. Unscrupulous lawyers find easy means of getting over the required "notice" to the respondent; and where, as in Ohio, divorces are to marriages in the proportion of one to twenty-six, there must be a plentiful crop of lawyers to do this foul work. A recent case is reported where a man, obtaining a divorce from his wife without her knowledge, during a short absence on her part, repented of what he had done, and cohabited with his wife after her return, and the children born subsequently were declared illegitimate!

But worse cases than this have lately come to light in our own courts. With the laudable intent of screening from the public eye details of domestic infelicities—perhaps we ought rather to say crimes—the custom has lately prevailed of sending divorce cases to referees, who were ordered by the courts to take evidence in private, and report the results to the judge. The abuses of this system have been something frightful to contemplate. With referees subject to undue influences—in plain words, to bribes—husbands and wives have been separated, without the one knowing that proceedings had been begun against the other; children have been bastardized, and honest women reduced to the condition of mistresses. We pretend to be scandalized by the revelations of the English Divorce Courts (and they are shocking enough); but there is this to be said, that the parties bringing the suits knew well before they came into court what disgraceful exposures would be made of their domestic lives. Better, infinitely better, would it be for the cause of morality that private vices should be unveiled in public than that the attempt at concealment should work the monstrous injustice we have lately seen.

We are told, and it is perhaps true, that recent public events tend toward the weakening of State rights and strengthening those of the Federal power. As the Union is now by general consent, if not by actual law, declared to be "one and indivisible," we should see without regret the laws of one State which operate against the morality of the others subjected to one general law for the whole. The day cannot be far distant when Congress will pass a general Bankruptcy Law; and it is not a mere sentiment, but a profound sense of the injustice and inequality of the present State laws, that leads us to desire that, in matters affecting the domestic happiness of thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen, there should be equal laws and a common court of appeal.

According to the British Emigration Tables it appears that since 1814 there have left the United Kingdom 5,901,510 emigrants, of whom 3,597,780, or nearly 61 per cent., emigrated to the United States. During 1865 the emigration amounted to 209,801, of whom 17,211 went to British North America and 147,268 to the United States. Of the emigrants who have for the last forty years quitted Great Britain, not less than three-fourths have come to this continent. After weighing this statement, we shall hear without surprise that the amount of money remitted by settlers in North America to their friends in Great Britain, between the years 1848 and 1865, both inclusive, reaches the enormous aggregate of \$69,882,083. In order to estimate how far larger is the contribution made by settlers in North America than by those elsewhere, we may mention that in 1865 \$2,776,380 were sent from the United States, and \$101,315 from Australia. The assimilative force exercised by the North American continent on the inhabitants of Great Britain, as compared with that manifested by Australia, is in the ratio of about 274 to 1. We cannot abstain from calling

attention to another striking fact. More than two millions and a half of dollars were sent in 1865 as the means of enabling residents of England, Scotland and Ireland to emigrate to the United States. There have been several years, indeed, and notably 1852 and 1853, when the remittances from the New World to the Old, made solely with this object, exceeded five million dollars, and in 1854 they reached the enormous total of eight million dollars. When it is remembered that the returns on this point are necessarily imperfect, and may be presumed to fall very far short of the actual amount sent, we have some data for estimating the social and pecuniary elements of attraction which are actively at work in drawing off the surplus population of Great Britain and transferring it to the valley of the Mississippi or the Far West.

GENERAL ALFRED L. LEE, an officer of cavalry under Banks and Sheridan, was in New Orleans during the late massacre, and an eye-witness of some of its atrocities. He states:

"My rooms happened to be about a square from the scene of slaughter, and I could see very much of it. Captain Loup, a captain of the 1st New Orleans Infantry, who had just been mustered out, was standing one block from me. He was approached by two policemen; one placed his pistol at his back and shot him down, and the other stabbed him in the side, securing his immediate death. There was a noble man who represented the radical sentiment of the city, Dr. Dostie. He was not a member of the convention, but he was in the hall. He attempted to escape. When I cut half a block from the Capitol building he was struck with a brick and knocked down. Policemen were standing near, but, instead of arresting the assassin, they stepped up to Dr. Dostie, and deliberately fired into the body of the defenseless man. A citizen standing by drew his sword from his scabbard and thrust it into his body. Still the doctor was not dead, and was dragged by the police through the crowd and placed in a common dirt-cart. I saw this myself. One policeman sat on his body and one sat near his head. The poor man attempted to raise his head, and I saw the policeman raise his revolver and striking him on the face smash his nose flat. That noble man died. I stood on my balcony and looked on that crowd of four hundred policemen, madened with liquor and drunk with fury, assisted by firemen and Thugs, aided by two or three hundred citizens, on this field-day of slaughter. I saw pushing an innocent black man, with a market-basket on his arm. He was met by a knot of policemen. They said, 'You are from the hall, are you?' He said, 'No. They said, 'Yes, you are.' He started to run. Two policemen ran after him, and as many as a dozen bullets were shot into his body before he fell. A citizen then stamped with his heel on his face, and he was beaten to death with clubs."

TOWN GOSSIP.

The necessity of attention to little things has been most forcibly and sadly illustrated within a few days by familiar occurrences. A large fire in Broadway was caused by carelessly throwing a common match upon a floor saturated with oil and alcohol. In an instant the flames burst forth, and a large amount of property was wantonly destroyed. The fearful conflagration in Jersey City originated in a similar manner. A lamp was recklessly taken into the hold of a vessel freighted with petroleum—the escaping gas was ignited, producing a terrific explosion and one of the largest fires that has occurred in this vicinity for years. Why thoughtless bores are allowed to trifle with their own lives and the lives and property of the community at large is a marvel, hardly compatible with the most liberal interpretation of the do-as-you-please theory of republican institutions.

By the way, this theory is a favorite one with certain railroad companies, who are laying claim to all our streets and thoroughfares, and covering our goodly city with a complete net-work of iron. Private rights and conveniences, and protests and indignation are of no account with these magnates, who, armed with legislative grants, obtained, the "Lobby" alone knows how, play such pranks before our eyes as, in any other but this corrupt age, would consign them to infamy. Not even an injunction can arrest their despotism, and very soon New York will be known as the grid-iron city, rather than by any other cognomen.

We are indebted to our Western friends for a neat and desirable improvement in the method of paving our streets, which we are just introducing, and of which the most flattering accounts are given. It is the Nicholson pavement, composed of blocks of wood, which are rendered indestructible by being saturated with coal-tar, and laid down lengthwise, having interstices filled with gravel and asphaltum. The Society that pitches animals will certainly rejoice in this change, which will spare many a poor horse the necessity of propulsion on his back, instead of on the members nature intended for such a purpose.

Some of our policemen have lately come to grief by affiliating themselves with the rogues they were appointed to watch and detect. While this fact is sad commentary on the weakness and fallibility of human nature, it does not in the least disparage the admirable system which has maintained in our city so much of order and security, nor prove that the Metropolitan Police are not incomparably superior to any police organization for public guardianship. It shows that unworthy men may sometimes attain positions of trust; but the summary measures adopted in this instance is a convincing evidence that such men cannot retain their places.

Out-door sports are still one of the prominent features of metropolitan life; and it is a matter of congratulation that these invigorating exercises are so well managed and kept so free from all that is improper and objectionable, that they meet with increasing favor and have become a permanent institution of American society. We are making progress in the right direction, but must go still farther, and provide suitable, healthful, open air exercise for our daughters, so that the term American female shall not be the synonym of the debility, lassitude and physical worthlessness that now characterize so many of "creation's last and best" in our country. A vigorous, healthful, properly developed lady is now a rare bird in our society, in city and country alike; and unless we have a speedy revolution in our social and domestic habits, some future Agassiz will discourse in learned cadences over the fossils of the sex once so lovely and prized, but of which no living specimens can be found.

The cholera still lingers among us, but it is so restricted by sanitary measures that its existence is hardly noticed. There is no doubt that the disease can be controlled; that it has its laws, which may be fully understood, and is not the blind demon our superstitious fears have supposed, subject to no restraint, and devouring in defiance of all prudence and care on the part of its victims. We can fight and subdue it, just as we fight fire or any other foe; and it is only our ignorance that makes us afraid.

The watering-places are still in the full tide of prosperity; but the presomptuous signs of autumn winds and frosts will soon put an end to the season.

Messrs. Stephan & Co. have made a move in the right direction, by opening a splendid establishment at 428 Broadway, where gentlemen can find entertainment without coming in contact with the disgusting nuisances abounding in all the so-called saloons with which our noble thoroughfare is disgraced. "Le Pavillon" has already become the resort of a class of society distin-

guished by its respectability. The proprietors are to be congratulated upon their initiative, as well as upon the success already accomplished.

The temperate weather has drawn many of our fashionable to town, among whom is our dramatic critic. He has been seeing himself at the theatre, and has taken up various little items of news; among them, that the Winter Garden, and Wallace's Theatre have secured from the Associated Managers, and, consequently, their advertisements will appear in the New York Herald—which now and then assumes the character of a facetious paper, as when it makes Charlemagne and Richelieu hob-nob together in the thirty years' war, and Julius Cæsar and Nebuchadnezzar go to grass together. His last joke was a compliment to the American people, when it gravely stated that the indisputable requisites to give vitality to an illustrated paper were "sickening puritanism, distorted history, out-of-place radicalism, bigotry and offensive caricatures." As these are the very things we avoid, we follow the advice on the rule of contrary, like the man who told the boys where the parish pump was, and that they ought to take the constable there and put him under it, but on no account to pump on him! Among other *ad lib.* is that Gotthold, the young and handsome tragedian, who made so promising an appearance at the Winter Garden some months ago, is engaged to appear in a new play, by an author who is well-known to the press of this city, but who has never before adventured before the public as a dramatist. "Not to put too fine a point upon it," we mean the author of "Beautiful Snow." The play is called "The Charlatan." A gentleman—friend, of course, of the author—who fell asleep while the author was reading it to a select circle, speaks of it in the highest terms, and Gotthold is equally pleased with it. As we know the author to be a man of great ability, we shall certainly go to see it and record its success. Talking of new plays, reminds us that John Bromberg has made a hit with his; its only fault being that it is founded on really everlasting epidemic, the Irish drama, which is really in literature what the deepest is among cows, the trichina among pigs, and the cholera and courtship among men. But we must not forget to add that Bromberg's new play is not of the whisky and shillalah order, but is the work of a man of genius, and the most brilliant dramatist and eccentric comedian of the age. He is what our friend Pierce Fungent says—a living bottle of champagne on a couple of handsome legs, frisking about the stage so charmingly, that really, when he is on it, nobody cares to look at anything else, not even himself in a glass. Apropos of charming things, Madeline Henneque has returned from Europe, and is about commencing her campaign against that fabulous piece of guita percha, the hearts of men.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

WHEREAS, a war is existing in the republic of Mexico, aggravated by foreign military intervention; and whereas the United States, in accordance with their settled habits and policy, are a neutral power in regard to the war which thus affects the republic of Mexico; and whereas it has become known that one of the belligerents in the said war, namely, the Prince Maximilian, who asserts himself to be Emperor of Mexico, has issued a decree in regard to the port of Matamoras and other Mexican ports which are in the occupation and possession of another of the said belligerents, namely, the United States of Mexico, which decree is in the following words:

"The port of Matamoras and all those of the northern frontier which has withdrawn from their obedience to the Government are closed to foreign and coasting traffic during such time as the law of the empire shall not be therein reinstated."

"ARTICLE 2. Merchandise proceeding from said ports on arriving at any other where the empire of Mexico is collected, shall pay the duties on importation, introduction and consumption, and, on satisfactory proof of contraband, shall be irretrievably confiscated. Our Minister of the Treasury is charged with the punctual execution of this decree."

"Given at Mexico, the 9th day of July, 1866."

And whereas the decree thus recited, by declaring a belligerent blockade unsupported by competent military or naval forces, is in violation of the neutral rights of the United States, as defined by the law of nations, as well as of the treaties existing between the United States of America and the aforesaid United States of Mexico:

Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare that the aforesaid decree is held and will be held by the United States to be absolutely null and void as against the Government and citizens of the United States, and that any attempt which shall be made to enforce the same against the Government or citizens of the United States will be disallowed.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1866, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety-first.

ANDREW JOHNSON.
By the President:
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—At Niagara Falls, a few days ago, the horses attached to a carriage, containing a party of three gentlemen, jumped from the roadway down an embankment, twelve feet high, into the river, just above the road leading to Goat Island. It required the utmost exertions of the driver and party, none of whom were injured, to save the team from being swept over the Falls.

Point Lookout.—At the mouth of the Potomac river, has been sold to General Bayard, of New York, for \$67,500. The sale embraces all the improvements belonging to the late owners, and 240 acres of land adjacent. It is expected that the Point will be refitted up by the proprietor as a first-class watering-place in time for the next season.

The Louisville Courier says: "An intelligent gentleman, a resident of Georgia, furnishes us the information, which, we must confess, surprises us much, that there are at this time in process of erection in that State seventy-two mills for the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods, some of them for calicoes."

A project is on foot among business men in Boston to unite for the reception of a cable dispatch daily in that city, and thus do away with the present dependence upon New York city.

The first bale of new cotton, of the crop of 1866, was sold in Mobile, August 15, at auction. It was cleaned good middling, and was knocked down at 33½ cents.

The Fire Department of Boston proposes to send to the Paris exhibition a complete miniature illustration of the fire and alarm apparatus used in that city.

The Selma (Ala.) Messenger says: "We hear of factories springing up all over the country. At Camden, Wilcox county, a wealthy company have taken the initiative steps to erect a large building and fill it with the most approved machinery. At Carrollton, Miss., a factory is now in operation, which in a short time will employ 180 spindles. In Marengo county they are making arrangements to manufacture on a large scale. At Cuba Station, Sumter county, a factory is shortly to be in operation."

Stock-raising is becoming an important feature in Texas. Some sections are said to be overrun with cattle, nearly wild, belonging to any one who has the facilities for catching and branding them. This laxity of ownership, however, is fast being superseded by the arrivals of large numbers of emigrants, who are settling in those sections. The favor with which the prepared

South American beef has been received in Europe has suggested the practicability of similar enterprises in Texas.

The work of rebuilding the structure of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, which was destroyed by fire, is slowly progressing. The large towers on the north have been rebuilt with fire-proof floors to assure the safety of all the documents beyond contingency. The large tower to the southward, which was very badly damaged, will soon be rebuilt. The roofing of the main building, two hundred feet long and sixty-five feet wide, will be of wrought iron covered in with slating, with rolled iron parliques, on a novel plan.

The monument directed by the Pennsylvania Legislature to be erected to the memory of the celebrated Seneca Chief, Cornplanter, is finished. It stands on the Indian Reservation, fifteen miles above Warren, on the banks of the Alleghany. There are now living three of Cornplanter's children. When the monument is dedicated, the Indians on the Reservation will be present in aboriginal costume.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Press says that measures are now under way to establish a newspaper printed in the Swedish language, for the use of the Scandinavians in the North-western States. The whole number of Norwegians and Swedes in the upper Mississippi Valley, in the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois, is estimated at two hundred thousand, of which forty thousand are in Minnesota.

The Beet Sugar Manufacturing Company at Chatsworth, Ill., have six hundred acres of beets growing this year. They estimate the crop at ten tons to the acre, which would yield fully one million pounds of sugar. The machinery of the Company was all brought from Germany.

The San Francisco Bulletin says blast furnaces are about to be erected in Oregon by the Oregon Iron Company. The works are to be located on the Walamette River, eight miles above Portland. Iron, timber and water-power are plenty there. They will be the first blast furnaces in operation on the Pacific coast.

Recent discoveries of stream tin in Idaho, Arizona, and other sections of the Union, induce the belief that the New World may yet compete with the Old in the supply of this mineral.

Parkersburg, West Virginia, has now a population of 8,000 to 10,000—considerable improvement in the last five years. Its trade during the past year has been over two and a half millions; manufactures, one and a half millions, and the petroleum shipped amounted to two million dollars.

The Congressional act allowing Portland to import building material free of duty for one year, is worth \$200,000 to the city. The Portland Sugar-House Company, which lost a million dollars by the fire, has petitioned for exemption from taxation for five years.

The New Orleans Crescent of August 7, says: "The first bale of this year's crop of cotton, so far as we are informed, was received here yesterday by Mr. E. W. Burbank. It was raised in Jefferson parish by J. M. Taylor & Son, and is classed as 'good middling.' It seems to be of fine staple, and we hope the crop of the State may all turn out as well."

Foreign.—An interesting experiment has been made on Mont Cenis, in presence of the Minister of Public Works, in France, who accompanied the chief director and several engineers. The part of the railroad already completed, which ascends by a winding inclined plane, was traveled over by a train composed of several carriages, at a speed of about eleven miles an hour ascending, and fifteen descending. The highest gradient was eight and a half per cent., and several curves were at an angle of only forty degrees. The works on the Italian side are to be finished by the end of next October, so that it is expected that, by next November, Italy and France will be united by an unbroken line of iron.

Recently an eruption of an ætnean well took place in a garden adjoining the church of St. Agnes, in Venice. The walls of the church were cracked in all directions. The substance vomited consisted of black ashes and a suffocating gas, the expansion of which is supposed to have caused the outbreak. The water which was thrown up reached as high as the top of the church.

The body of a native Australian, which was found in a state of petrification, has been sent to England. This singular specimen was found in one of the limestone caverns which abound in the plains of Musquito, in the south of Australia. The body was discovered in the natural position of a sleeping person.

Advices from Paraguay and the River Plate war to 10th of July are received. There had been a general failure of the allied forces in their operations against the Paraguayans, and the latter had surrounded their army in a swamp near Humaita, on the Paraguay River. The stock of the allied army was dying out rapidly, and Lopez, the commander of the Paraguayan army, was confident and energetic in his efforts to deal a final blow to the war.

A Florence journal relates that, after the battle of Custozza, a surgeon of the Italian army discovered among the wounded a young corporal of Bersaglieri still alive, notwithstanding three severe injuries in the neck, left arm, and right leg. When about to dress those wounds, the surgeon perceived that the sufferer was a young woman, who then declared her name to be Hermia Mancini, and her age twenty. Just before the opening of the campaign her brother, who was a corporal of Bersaglieri, had fallen ill, and returned home to his family until his recovery. The sister, whose parents had previously had some difficulty in preventing from joining the Garibaldians, took advantage of that circumstance, and, cutting short her hair, dressed herself in her brother's uniform and joined his regiment, her resemblance to him enabling her to pass unnoticed. Four hours later her regiment was engaged, and she was wounded on the field of battle. After the discovery of her sex by the surgeon, she was taken to Florence, where she died a few days after.

Apropos of the approaching marriage of the Princess Dagmar of Denmark with the heir apparent of the Russian throne, the Paris correspondent of the *Star* relates the following story of the princess's last interview with the late Cæsar: "The young princess had been summoned at his express wish, and arrived, accompanied by the Queen, her mother, and the Prince Royal of Denmark. . . . She was at once led to the dying Cæsar, and she knelt by his side, sobbing bitterly. He had been senseless, but in the white kneeling figure he suddenly recognised his flame, drew her toward him, and murmuring some words, manifold save to her, kissed her forehead. Then, as one might read in a novel, he took the princess's hand, and, without again speaking, placed it in that of his brother Alexander, which action was at once interpreted by the family as signifying his wish that his brother should bestow on her the throne his own death would deprive her of. From that moment Princess Dagmar did not quit the death-chamber till the grand-duke had breathed his last. She closed his eyes and imprinted a parting kiss on his forehead, and thenceforth the imperial family considered her as one of themselves."

The Austrian Emperor, out of gratitude to the Emperor Napoleon III. for his good offices during the war, has offered to give up to France the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt, son of the first Napoleon and Marie Louise, styled Napoleon II. by the French nation. This is exceedingly flattering to French vanity and the feelings of the Napoleonic dynasty; and the remains of the young prince, who only lived to complete his twenty-first year, are, it is said, to be transported with great pomp to the Church of the Invalides, and there find a resting-place on French soil, near the magnificent mausoleum of Napoleon I.

It is proposed in France to institute a decoration which should be given exclusively to women for acts of courage, devotedness, or charity. This order should be called the *Eugénie*.

The proprietor of Lloyd's Newspaper, in London, has just imported 270 tons of Esparto grass from Algeria for the manufacture of paper. The cost of this kind of paper is one-half that of the linen fabric.



BACON'S CASTLE, SURRY, VA.—SEE PAGE 391

A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS.

A SIMPLE shepherd, reclining under the cool shade of a wide-spreading tree, playing his flute and watching his flock, was one of the prettiest pictures of unalloyed pleasure a great artist of olden times could draw, and one that has ever been greatly admired. And in fact, it was a truthful and attractive one. But tastes differ, customs change, the world moves, and men of

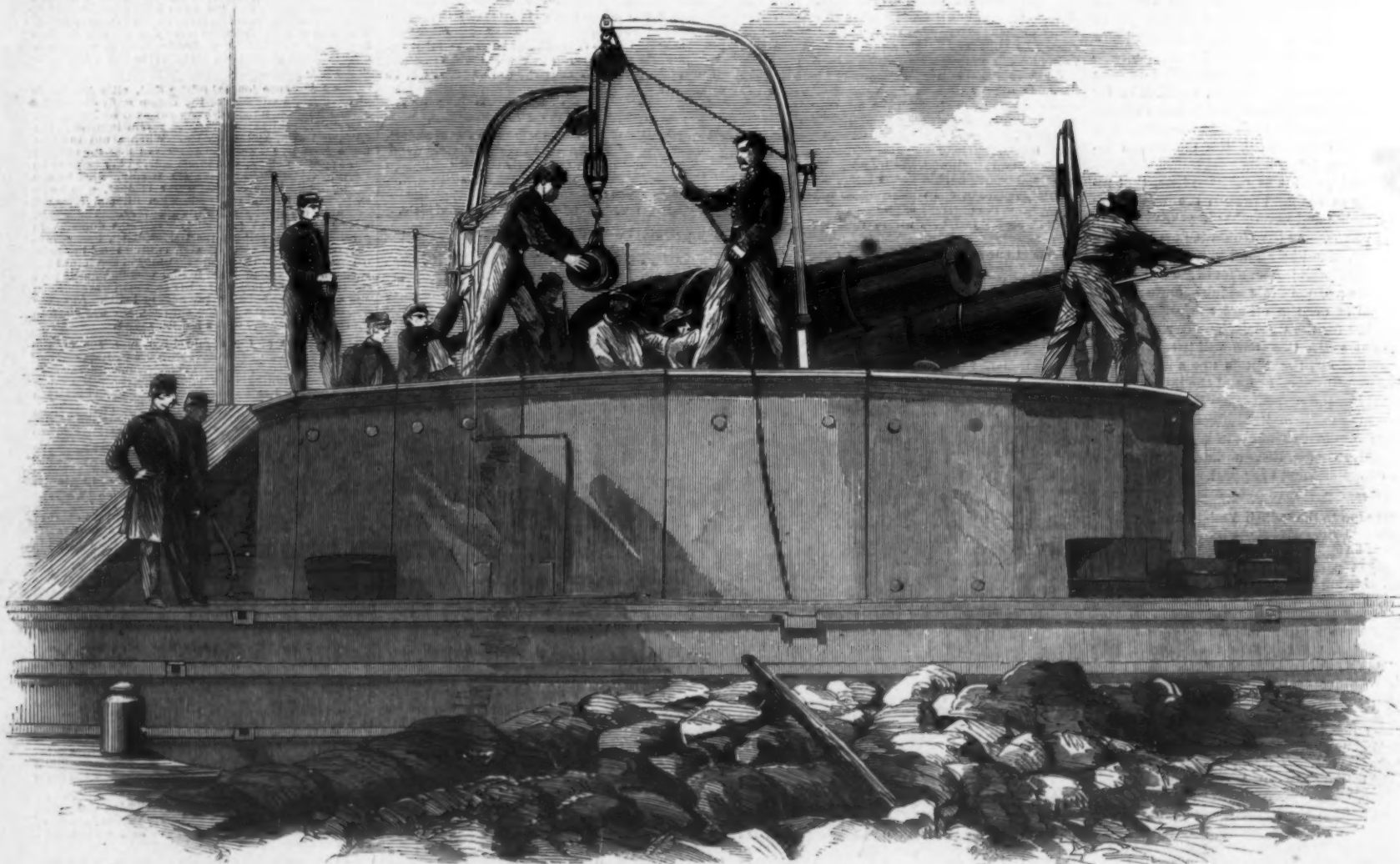
the present day are not content with any one source of pleasure, or any one class of amusements. Ingenuity is constantly on the stretch to devise something novel, something taking, something that will prove an attraction to the masses and a success to the projectors. Here, in New York, there are manifold ways of seeking pleasure and finding enjoyment; such, too, as shall be at once innocent, healthful and invigorating. To say nothing of the out-door sports that claim so large a

share of attention, there are fine excursions in every possible direction to the numerous points of interest in proximity to the metropolis. Perhaps none of these combine so much of pleasure, health and exercise as a trip to the Fishing Banks, of which we give an illustration this week.

These Banks are off Long Branch, so well known as a summer resort, and about thirty miles from the city. They are accessible every day by steamers, which leave

in the morning, touching at several landing points, and after allowing their passengers to spend the day on the water, return them to the city at a suitable hour in the afternoon.

So much for the place and the means of reaching it, which is not the whole story. If you are a man of family, you will wish your wife and children to accompany you, and your plans must be formed beforehand: a good lunch prepared—for sea air is wonderfully pro-

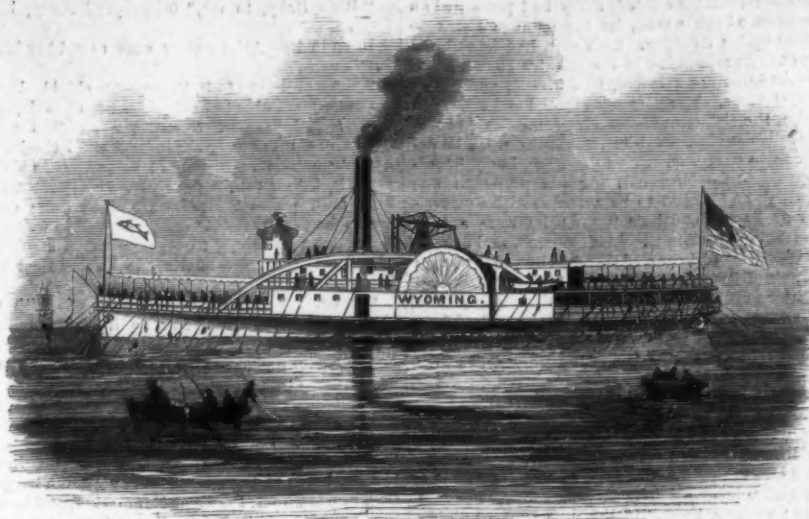


THE DEFENCE OF CALLAO—THE TOWER OF JUNIN.—SEE PAGE 391.

A DAY AT THE FISHING BANKS OFF LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.



THE FIRST FISH.



THE STEAMER WYOMING ON THE BANKS.



THE PARTY WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

vocative of appetite; your hooks and lines put in proper order—for of course you would not go to the Fishing Banks if you could not fish; your cigar-case will need to be filled, and if you don't heed the Excise Law, another case will not be omitted. These things will occupy your thoughts and time before starting, and with the expectation and glee depicted on every countenance, you will be convinced that an excursion is a matter of no small consequence. If you are not a Benedict, you will, of course, have some friends whom you wish to accompany you for the purpose of adding zest to the day; so in either case the necessary preparations are about the same. Well, the morning comes, and you repair to the wharf nearest you at which the steamer touches. Of course you have determined to go in the Wyoming, Captain Holton, and you will suppose nothing is necessary but quietly to step aboard, plant yourself and friends in convenient seats, and await the events of the day. You were never more mistaken. At the wharf you will find an excited crowd of agents and runners trying to induce you to take the opposition boat, which lies alongside the Wyoming with steam up, music playing, banners streaming, etc. One will tell you the boat which he represents always has the best luck. Another will respond, "If you go on that boat and it sinks, there are not enough to

row you safely away." And you will be pushed in this direction, and pulled in that, until you resolutely station yourself beyond the reach of these garrulous gentry, whose attentions are far more earnest than agreeable. At length the lines are cast off, and the staunch Wyoming, with a full complement of excursionists, starts down the Bay, and you have a fine sail of two hours or

in this exciting sport, and some of them have no reason to be ashamed of their dexterity in handling the lines and capturing the coveted prey. Sometimes, instead of a fish, you will draw up a mass of tangled seaweed, but the laugh with which your prize is greeted reconciles you to the momentary disappointment. Good humor pervades the crowd, who are

your battles over again, no one will interfere with you, privileges; but, in any case, you will conclude that, under Captain Holton's charge and out in old ocean's bracing breezes, you had more real pleasure than most days bring to your lot, and that a trip to the Fishing Banks is an event of which you will always retain the most agreeable recollections.



SCENE ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

EXPECTATION.

The engraving on our front page presents an admirable picture of rural domestic life, and is one of those home scenes to which we always recur with increased satisfaction. The restless impatience of the dog to seize the imprisoned prey; the eager, interested earnestness of the boy, finding his amusement in the display of animal instinct, are all so true to life, that one can readily imagine he is viewing an actual scene, and not its mere representation. The truthfulness of the picture is its great charm, and the experience of many will verify what the artist has so happily grouped to gether in one expressive representation.

The boundaries of the province of Venetia are well-known, but not very generally the extent which it occupies on the map of Europe. It contains 23,482 square kilometres (3,870,500 acres), and has 2,493,968 inhabitants.



THE TEN-PIN QUADRILLE ON THE UPPER DECK.



THE RUNNERS OF THE OPPOSITION BOAT.



WHAT IS CAUGHT AT THE FISHING BANKS

more before you, amid scenery unsurpassed in quiet beauty and real attractiveness. Some of the crowd, however, have little taste for scenery, or at least more relish for the poetry of motion, as expressed in the mazy dance, than for the poetry written on the hills, and coves, and islands, past which you rapidly glide. The deck is cleared, the music strikes up, and in waltz and quadrille the time swiftly flies, the gay revelers giving themselves up to the pastime of the hour with unreserved zest and glee. The ten-pin quadrille is one of the features of these sports, of a somewhat novel character. A circle is formed, with one person inside, who, in the rapid change of partners, must succeed in securing one for himself, or stand and await his chance until he is fortunate enough to steal a march upon some one of the circle less watchful than himself. It resembles the well-known game called "Copenhagen," so popular in some parts of the country.

Thus the time passes until the Banks are reached and the boat is anchored, when every one applies himself or herself to the sport of the day. The bait is ready, the lines are thrown into the water, and every device adopted to lure the finny denizens of the deep and make them a coveted prize.

The man who catches the first fish is the hero of the day, and is often as proud of his achievement as if he had conquered a kingdom. Sometimes a premium is offered for success, and it is a study to watch the eager manner in which the sportsmen address themselves to the work.

The ladies also are not backward in trying their skill

always in a mood to joke at slight mishaps and appreciate success; and success of some kind you will have, for the fish are just silly enough to catch at the tempting bait you offer them, and you can hardly fail to show some trophies of your exertion and skill. Occasionally the programme is varied by the intervention of Neptune claiming his accustomed tribute from all who for the first time invade his domain; but with a steady head and clear conscience you may escape such experience, or, if you do not, it will be short-lived and soon forgotten.

You will have some strange characters on the steamer. There is the person who knows all about it—who can tell you how many fish you will catch, and what kind will take the bait—who has caught fish, and watched fish, and talked of fish, until persuaded that beyond what he possesses, there is no knowledge of fish to be attained. He will bore you and button-hole you until you will wish he would become a fish himself, and dive away in his appropriate element. But, then, such novelties are the charm of the excursion; and, as you have devoted the day to pleasure, you may as well meet it in every possible form.

By the time you have filled your basket and dispatched your dinner—which you can obtain at any hour on the Wyoming—the hour for returning will have arrived, and you will speed your way back to the city. If inclined to "trip the light fantastic too," the opportunity will not be wanting; if, satisfied with the exploits of the day, you are disposed to recline upon your laurels and give yourself up to dreamy contemplation and fight



CHAS. SMITH, ATLANTIC B. B. CLUB, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 391.

ON A HUMMING-BIRD KILLED IN A STORM.

Thrice cruel death! thus to discharge his dart
At thee, my bright one, in the joyous hour!
Snatch'd from the idols of thy little heart;
Thy mate the sunbeam, and thy couch the flower.

Thou exquisite in death, those burnish'd dyes
Proclaim how gorgeous once you skimmed the air,
Like some rich bloom new-fallen from the skies,
On wandering ringlet of the sun's bright hair.

No more shall revel your luxurious bill,
In cups, with which your broider'd pinion vies;
No more for you shall the magnolia fill
Her chalice at the fountain of the skies.

No more a gleaming radiance will you cast
From orange-bud or jasmine's cluster'd stem;
No more, when flushed with the divine repast,
You'll glance thro' ether like a winged gem.

The king of fabrics, when he went to war,
Might plume his helmet from thy pictured vest.
Pet of a goddess in some distant star,
Why did you roam a truant from her breast?

Each night, they say, her pearly weepings fell;
And, doting o'er thee in thy blooming grove,
She filled with star-dew every velvet bell,
To feast, at morn, the fondling of her love.

Avice and Her Lover.

ENGLAND was "Merrie England" still, and bluff King Hal lived in the odor of Masses, horse-racing, bowling, and love-making; encouraged by royal example, the country was not slow in taking up all manner of sport, and great sums were spent on horses, especially in importing such as were likely to improve the home stock. Goodly estates changed hands with as great facility as in these present days, and although long before that corporate body known as the "Jockey Club" sat in judgment upon "turf" laws, the settling-day was rigidly observed, and debts of honor paid either by money or blood. Yorkshire took the lead in those days, and the great race-meeting held in the Forest of Galtres, on the eastern side of the city of York, had just terminated; the favorite had been distanced, and the owner of the favorite, Percy Topham, of Sledmere, had a heavy reckoning to pay. No one wondered at the dark frown that had settled down upon his handsome face; though many did marvel at his reckless challenge to run his mare Lady Ann against Dick Skelton's Courrier, for the then enormous wager of three hundred pounds.

"Thou'lt never win, Percy," said Squire Thornton, kindly; "back out of it, there's a good lad. The old hall won't be thine when all thy debts are paid to-day. Dick's an honest fellow, and cares more for a kind look from thy sister Avice's bright eyes, than for all the race-winning in England; make a match there an you like, Percy, and I'll wish thee well on it."

Percy's face flushed, and a rough oath rolled out through his clenched teeth.

"Avice can make or mar her own wedding, squire; Dick's taken my hand on the wager, and so it must abide. We of Sledmere never back out of anything; the mare's a good one, and will pull through for the honor of the old place."

And he turned away, evidently bent upon avoiding further advice or condolence, walking off in the direction of the city, whither the crowd was now bending its way likewise. He had spoken, as he thought, lightly; but, God help him! his heart was heavy as lead. Squire Thornton had said no more than the truth, and bitter and unpalatable as that truth was, Percy knew he must "grin and abide it;" the day's ill-luck had been but the finishing-stroke to a long train of what he was pleased to call misfortunes, but which his neighbors gave a harsher name to. True, the hall would not go; it had gone, though only to his sister Avice, long ago. He must pay his debts, or give as good to-morrow, even if the last penny went. And then? ay, what then? He was young, healthy, and the world was wide. Soldiering was no bad trade, and those days you got a better price for your blood than now; the king liked a jolly roystering blade, though he might not have a groat in his pocket. He had been down in luck, it is true, but fortune is capricious; luck might—nay, must, if he could only hold on long enough—change, and meanwhile he'd the match with Dick Skelton to win.

There is something peculiarly elastic and hopeful about the nature of a thorough-paced turf-man. So it was that, having mentally faced his ill-luck, and, so to speak, taken the bull by the horns, Mr. Topham mounted his horse to take his twenty miles of home road with a clear brow and a happy conviction that somehow or other, he didn't know or care how, he'd fall on his legs and tide over the ugly state of affairs.

He had not gone above a mile of his way when Dick Skelton came up with him, and presently opened his heart about his affection for Avice. Now Avice was Percy's sole remaining relative; she had been with him since childhood; he never, indeed, remembered a time that Avice was not his comforter, counselor, and helper; so you may believe he had no desire to see his home broken up, and the light carried away to brighten another. Nevertheless, he could have no objection to plead, he was only a brother, and it was in the course of nature that she should make another home for herself; so with a sickly heart Percy promised to speak for his friend, and they parted by the great gate, Dick having a couple of miles yet to ride.

Sledmere Hall was a rambling, patched-up building; one end was in ruins, and to this had been tacked a quarter big enough to barrack a troop; not more than half the habitable portion

was really inhabited. In one corner of the least ruined portion of the old part, where a great lumber-chamber existed, Percy had permitted an eccentric beggar man, by the name of Essex, to take up his dwelling. This man had established a curious reputation in the country round, being looked upon as half fool, half wizard, and wholly mysterious. The poor folks feared and consulted him, the rich ones humored and, unwilling to risk his displeasure, fed him bountifully when he demanded the same. Essex was a big, burly, broad-shouldered fellow, carrying his professed age (which he affirmed to be seventy) with a marvelously hearty and hale figure; he wore a long white beard and mustachios to match, and usually had on a broad-brimmed slouched hat, so that, save a pair of keen eyes flashing out below thick, protruding eyebrows, little or no distinctive feature in his face was visible. As Percy rode to the hall door upon the evening of the ill-starred race at York, the beggar was striding up the avenue with a well-filled wallet slung over his broad shoulder; Percy glanced at him in passing, but whether from want of thought, or that feeling of irritation which sometimes comes over one when, vexed and sick at heart with life's disappointments, we see some one else taking the ills of their lot easily, and in a Mark Tapley-like spirit "looking happy," I cannot say; anyhow, he passed the man without giving him "good-night," which omission was retaliated by a clinched fist being lifted menacingly, and as ugly a scowl as you'd wish to see.

"Ay, you may hold your head high, my fine young sir," muttered Essex, his eyes following the horseman; "but you'll look low enough soon. You've eyes enough and words enough to spare, sometimes; fewer of both, and it had been better for you. You'll think so yourself before long. You've had a bitter pill to swallow to-day, but there's a worse coming."

"What art murtherin' and mumblerin' about, auld man?" cried a voice at his elbow, and a woodman, who had turned into the avenue from a by-path, joined him.

"Saying my paternoster, friend, as I walked," was the reply. "Asking the saints to bless thy young master and give him better luck with his horses."

"Has he been unlucky, then?"

"Ay, the mare gave in."

The woodman's answer was a curse, for, like most servants, he went with his master in winning or losing, and the "mare" had been the boast of every man and stripling on the Sledmere estate. Nothing more was spoken between the two, and the woodman, looking askance at Essex, as one is apt to do at the bearer of ill tidings, took the first occasion to turn down another path; then, taking to his heels, set off across the park toward the stables, there to learn the true report of the day's work.

Meanwhile Percy had reached the hall, told his story of defeat, and sought his sister.

"What fortune, dear?" was Avice's first question.

"The worst. I've played my last card, I fear, darling. Nay, do not grow pale and turn thy sweet face away. It's all the comfort I've left me; and that scurvy fellow, Dick Skelton, wants to rob me of thee, too. What, think you, has been the burden of his cry all the way home? Ay, you know, do you? But you won't have him," added Percy, oblivious of his promise.

"No, Percy, he'll never be thy brother."

Hearing her decided voice, and knowing well that Dick's chance was gone, Percy relented, and went on:

"Yet he's a good fellow, and loves thee right honestly. Thou wert kind to him once, Avice, and there is none thou likest better."

He looked and started, for her eyes fell, and a painful flush came over her fair face, giving his assertion a very visible denial. There was one she liked better—the tell-tale blood showed so much; and Percy, jealous for his friend, would have mercilessly probed the wound, had not Avice, with the instinct of self-preservation, hastily effected a *discretissement*.

"The ghost was here last night, brother. They tell me the very horses in the stable neighed with terror, and the maids are going about with blanched cheeks—no one daring to move alone. The grooms shut themselves up in the kitchen, and would not budge an inch for love or money."

"A set of cowardly rascals! And you?"

"Oh! I was frightened too, I own; but I could not save laugh at the consternation, and the ghost or goblin, or whatever it was, was mighty civil to me; for, after the household were at their wits' end, and I had gone back to my chamber, strains of heavenly music filled my ears until I fell asleep and forgot my fears."

"This must be seen to, Avice. Strange suspicions have been tormenting me of late. May there not be something else than spiritual at work—some devilish plot? Ghosts do not work so systematically as this of ours appeareth to do; and music, too! Ghosts play not such, that ever I heard. We'll have it ferreted out, sister. I am just in the humor for such a piece of work now."

"Nay, wait, Percy, at all events, until the wedding-maak of our cousin is over. My nerves are unstrung as it is, and, if you and I are to play our parts fitly, I'll have need of all my impudences."

"All thy impudences!" laughed her brother.

"Faith, I'd wager my last groat thy impudence would never save a fly's life. Hadst not to wear a bit of black silk over that blushing face of thine, there would have been small hope of there being much acting; and, yet, cannot tell me how modest women grow pert and shameless when they have a mask over their faces? If thou wert anything but the pure angel I know thee to be, I'd say it was woman's heart, and that when they could hide the shame of their purer faces, their tongues could wag fast enough."

"Nay, nay, Percy, you do not mean it; you know better than to believe such. I'll not deny there are bad among us, and methinks that when once a woman passes the rubicon of virtue the

devil himself takes possession of her; but there is no lack of good, too—honest, faithful—"

"Rose Baby, to wit," interrupted Percy, bitterly.

In an instant Avice's arms were round her brother's neck.

"She was driven to it, Percy, poor child! You, a strong man, able to hold your own, should pity her. Nay, I mean it. She was weak—that was her nature, I'll not say nay to that, and I think I'd have done differently; for, if love be such as they say it is, I'd do rather than give up my right to keep faith where I loved. We don't hang our hearts for every gallant to pluck at, nor do we cast them down unsought; but, once taken captive, sure it is only maiden modesty to be steadfast to the death."

Her brother listened to this rhapsody with a changing countenance. For an instant a smile sprung up, then that died away, and a bitter sneer curled his lip under the long, silken mustache as he answered:

"You argue like one with experience, Mistress Avice. 'Tis a pity Rose had not borrowed somewhat of thee. I met her master (for I'll call him naught else, so never frown at me)—I met her master, I say, on the course, and heard him bragging of what he had done at Newmarket, and how the king trusted him before all men to buy a horse or choose a wench; and then he vowed all women had their price. My blood was up, boiling like molten lead; and, had it not been that Dick dragged me away, there would have been a sinner less in the land by this, and fair Mistress Rose might have had another chance in the market."

"Thanks be to God and Mr. Skelton!" said Avice, fervently, clasping her little hands. "You are too hot, Percy."

"Nay, sweetheart, I am cold enough now; feel how my hand shakes. But let's to supper. To-night I must eat, drink and be merry; to-morrow I'll pay my debts, and sit on thy hearth—a pauper."

When Avice sought her bedroom that night she had no inclination for sleep. She was uneasy about her brother. His flushed face and trembling limbs warned of more than mental suffering. She had heard from him the story of his losses, too. Then, again, this love proposal of Dick Skelton's. Dick was her brother's largest creditor, and one word from her would cancel all debts. She had but to say the little word "yes," and Dick, who had the finest property in the North Riding, would turn over all she held of the old place and forgive her brother's debts. Avice was thinking, as she could not but think, of all this; thinking, too, that had the same emergency risen a month before, there would have been no difficulty, but that Dick Skelton would have won a willing bride. Only a month ago—four short weeks, and all this was changed! Four weeks ago Avice would have married Dick, simply because she knew him well, respected him well, and cared for no one, except her brother, better. Four weeks ago Avice had only known one love, and the little heart now, thrilling and sinking with its own weight and happiness, lay quiet and unfeeling. Four weeks ago, during a long ramble, and while resting under an old hawthorn tree, a stranger had passed her; a pair of dark-blue eyes had looked into hers, and up sprang the heart to life. Day after day she had thought of the eyes, night after night they had haunted her in sleep, until, some fortnight after, they had met hers again, and since then scarce a day passed but at some point or other of her walks the mysterious stranger had suddenly sprung up, bowed and passed on. So it came about that Avice talked of "truth unto death," and sat in the bay-window of her bed-chamber, gazing out into the moon-lit park.

A very sweet and English view was that seen out of the bay-window; first, a deep moat, carpeted over with water-lilies, whose bright flowers starred the dark surface of the water, and, fringing the moat, a thick under-wood of many kinds of shrubs; beyond, a wide expanse of park-land, dotted with great oak and elm trees. Above all this sailed the moon, to-night at the full, looking down with a clear, watchful eye upon the sleep of nature; not a leaf moved, and an intense silence reigned everywhere—so intense that Avice fell into a half-dreamy state, and, sitting with her eyes fixed upon an opening in the copse where the moonbeams made a silvery path of light, let her thoughts weave such fairy-like romances as they listed.

But suddenly the listless look vanished, her cheeks flushed, and, leaning forward, she gazed with eager eyes upon a tall, dark figure, which, standing full in the centre of the path, seemed framed in that mysterious silver light. For a few seconds the man stood with his face toward the house; then he walked up to the verge of the moat and bent over, gazing down into the deep water. Avice's heart beat fast and her cheeks paled. What could he mean?—why did he bend over the water?—and almost a shriek broke from her white lips as, suddenly letting himself down over the ledge, she saw him seize a branch, and so swing down to the water-edge, until he could grasp one of the golden-chained lilies, with which prize he was soon standing safe on the green bank again; and Avice, pale enough now, was watching, wondering and perplexed, for she had long ago recognized the figure, as what woman ever does fail to recognize the man that she loves?

The very violence of her emotion had driven the blood back to her heart, which beat and thrilled, and ached in a manner perplexing to poor Avice, who, ready as she was to venture her opinion and tell her mind as to love and its exigencies, as is the manner with many young women, was, as yet, happily ignorant of its caprices, and wondered sorely why she grew so faint and tenderly melancholy, though all the time conscious that she was perfectly happy.

Avice went to bed at last, but not, you may be sure, until the lily-gatherer had long ago disappeared, and the moon, traveling on her way, had left the path in shadow.

Bright dreams were Avice's that night; and

through them all came a vague consciousness that there was some presence near her; that eyes were watching her, and lips breathing near her; once she thought they touched hers, and starting up with a cry, she saw only the pale dim day-dawn stealing into the room, and turning upon her side, the girl fell into a deep dreamless rest, from which she did not awake until the sun was streaming into the room, and coming straight through the middle panes of the bay-window, fell upon her bed, where, upon the crimson quilted coverlet, white and glistening, lay a water-lily.

One might well judge that such an adventure would alarm Avice, and yet it scarcely may be said to have done so. In those days there was a much stronger belief in the supernatural; and living as Avice had done in a notoriously haunted and spirit-ridden house, it is scarcely to be wondered at that she suddenly became possessed with the notion that this mysterious wanderer and the haunting spirit were one and the same, and that by some strange freak the spirit loved her. It would be hard to say whether Avice was pleased or frightened when her mind first conceived, and then instantly accepted, this wild notion; it was very awful, of course, to have a lover of ethereal nature, and not mortal flesh and blood as she herself was; she had read, too, of the Evil One taking human shape to deceive young maidens; but this could not be a demon! oh, no, Avice was sure of that. Those blue eyes that stirred her heart even now, and that sad, quiet face—there was no taint of evil there; rather must he be some heavenly spirit who, for some cause or other, was doomed to remain a season on earth.

When Avice began to let her mind wander away into such wild regions as these, there was no limit to the visionary world she soon made around her; and it was perhaps fortunate that, going down to prepare the morning meal for her brother, she found he had been seized with an ague, and obliged to send to the nearest town for a doctor.

A long anxious day followed; Avice had her hands full; Percy was very ill, and by no means an easy patient to deal with; for he had to be kept in bed almost by main force, insisting upon getting up and riding over to Middleham to meet the attorney who was to settle his racing losses. As day waned, the fever left him, and then he became bent upon a new excitement; he and Avice were to attend the mask at their cousin's wedding, which was to come off that night, and being unable to go himself, which sorely against his will he at last admitted, he insisted upon Avice carrying out her part, which was none other than the Queen of Cour de Lion, which great monarch Percy himself had been prepared to personate. In vain Avice pleaded against his will; he was inflexible; and at last, dreading the effect of continued altercation in his present state, she consented.

CHAPTER II.

THE wedding ceremony was over; the tables were filled with guests, those who were to form the maskers' company remained but a short time at the feast, soon retiring to the rooms prepared for them, and from whence there shortly issued a motley of mummers of every country, class and order.

Observed of all observers was one, a tall, richly-dressed Crusader, who, speedily making his way up to Avice's side, whispered:

"Accept my homage, peerless queen; it is my duty as my most heartfelt pleasure to guard you from all annoyance."

Avice bowed, and, willing to keep up the jest, held out her hand that he might touch the tips of her fingers; but she drew back angrily, and with a haughty motion of her tall figure, as the warrior, seizing her hand, kissed it passionately.

"Manners have not been taught thee in the East, fair sir," said an angry voice, and a second Crusader stood by Avice's side.

"True knights went to the East to fight, not to learn the soft manners of a Court; methinks our fair and dauntless queen knows too well what stern stuff a soldier's heart must be made of to take offense at homage, even if more warmly offered than the manner of English life permits."

"Faith, your tongue is glib enough, Sir Knight, and if the queen takes a friend's counsel, she'll banish thee her presence;" saying which, the speaker brought his mask near Avice's pretty ear, and whispered:

"Let me guard thee, Avice; thy brother told thee my heart's desire."

Avice drew back; she could not misunderstand Dick Skelton, and she dare not encourage him by accepting his service, much as at that moment she longed to do so, and escape from the notice the altercation was attracting.

"Nay," she said, her voice faltering, and her neck showing the blushes her mask hid on her cheeks; "'tis unfair. I'll banish no true knight my presence without fair reason, but I'll equally choose none unknown. Your title, Sir Knight."

"Knight of the Lily, your majesty," and dropping upon one knee, the Crusader flung open his cloak, and showed a water-lily resting upon his breast, while up into Avice's face looked the blue eyes that had been "her heart's undoing."

Things were at a critical pass. Avice, confused and startled, was trying to form an answer, when a general rush was made to another apartment, and a cry of "the wizard" was raised. Avice made no attempt to stand against the current, but suffering herself to be borne onward, soon found that she had shaken off at least one of her knights, and that only Dick Skelton stood by her side. Nor was Dick slow to take advantage of his luck; and right warmly did he plead his cause, heedless of the many expostulations Avice made, or the amused looks that were cast upon them, until, fairly beside herself with vexation and shame, Avice forced her way through the crowd, and walking boldly up to the Knight of the Lily, said:

"I call upon you to accept your office, sir, and

charge you to remain by my side for the rest of the evening."

Her overwrought feelings gave way, and a low, gurgling sob followed her brave speech.

Gently and instantly the stranger knight led her through the crowd, now too eager about the conjuring tricks of the wonderful Eastern wizard to notice aught else, until he took her into an empty withdrawing room.

"I will leave you," he whispered, "but first tell me you are not angry. I have tried to leave you, but fate was too strong for me. Great danger threatens you and yours, and I have power to avert it; but this power has been given me only on one condition. I cannot tell you to-night, but to-morrow night, if you will meet me in the room occupied by Essex, I will. You do not doubt me, Avie? You must not. Your brother's honor, nay, life itself, depends upon your trusting me. Say you will come, and I'll leave you now."

Avie did believe him; what less could she do? Even had he not possessed such a mysterious power over her heart, was there not enough in the idea of danger to her brother to warrant the step, unmaidenly though it might seem to many? So Avie promised, and with a long pressure of the fingers, and a caution to her to stay quiet for a time, the knight left her.

The maskers saw no more of the queen that night; but Dick Skelton did: for hunting about, he spied her making her escape, and, in spite of remonstrance, walked home by her side, silent perforce, and biting his tongue out for very bitterness and jealousy: one thing only giving him satisfaction, namely, that he had at least kept the Knight of the Lily away, and seen Avie safely under the home roof.

Next day Dick, who had all the dogged perseverance of an English nature, rode over to Sledmere, and told his tale to Percy Topham, who, being wearied of bed, and doubly wearied of his own thoughts and the pricking of conscience that had been going on while he lay perforce on his back, listened with rising anger, and sent for Avie, who, however, refused to appear; and at last Dick for very shame's sake had to go home and leave his hopes behind him.

The day was a long and tedious one for each. Percy was irritated by the morning's talk; Avie worried both by reason of Dick Skelton's persecution and her brother's championship of the suit, to say nothing of the coming appointment she had promised to keep that night. So the weary hours went by, until night came, and with it a sudden storm of thunder, wind and rain; so that when the trying-hour drew on, the old house rocked and groaned in the arms of the wind.

Wrapping herself in a long black cloak, Avie made her way to the ruined portion of the house, stepping carefully along the dark corridor, and standing irresolute at the door which led to the beggar's room. She had not to wait long; the door opened, and Essex stood there, holding a bright lamp, and dressed in leathern doublet and scarlet hose.

"Punctual to a minute, sweetheart," he said, reaching out his hand to assist her up the ruined steps; but Avie drew back, bidding him mend his speech, and remember who he spoke to. At which he laughed, and bade her choose her own way.

Directly Avie was in the chamber, Essex extinguished the light, and she heard his footsteps descending a flight of stone stairs close at hand; then came a gust of cold air, next a voice she recognized as that of the stranger whispered:

"Fear nothing, I am here to protect you."

A handkerchief was then thrown over her face, she was lifted in a pair of strong arms, and carried down what appeared an interminable flight of stairs; on and on, through cold passages, until at last she was set down and the handkerchief taken from her face.

The room was furnished, brightly lighted, and altogether had a look of comfort and habitation, though the stone roof showed that it was a vault; and here Avie was left, there being no sign of the arms in which she had been carried so far.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning there was consternation in the hall; Avie's chamber was untenanted, her bed unoccupied in. Percy was at his wife's end, and summoned every one on the place, man, woman and child, questioning each and all, but without eliciting anything that could serve as a clue to the mystery.

In the midst of which, Essex sent a request that he might be heard; and accordingly Percy, too impatient to await the man's coming, himself sought him out. The beggar-man was in his own apartment.

"You want to know what has become of your sister, Percy Topham?" he said. "I can tell you, but I must be paid for it."

Percy, for answer, sprang at the man's throat. "Price!" he cried; "yes, thou shalt have this price—the price of a halter—thou cowardly dog. Not content with frightening our souls out of our bodies—for I've suspected long thou wert at the bottom of those devil's tricks that have made us the talk of the country side—thou must needs carry off an innocent girl. Thou bound, hanging's too good for thee!"

"Hands off, master, or two will play at that game; hands off, I say! I've better right to the hall and its belongings than thou hast. Thy grandfather cheated mine out of these lands, and drove out my father a beggar. I swore I'd have my revenge, and so I will."

With a sudden wrench he shook Percy off, whose hands, weakened by fever, made small odds against the strength of his gigantic opponent, who, roaring his tall figure, was about to speak, when a report like the loudest thunder shook the room, and brought down a cloud of dust from the crumbling walls.

Essex uttered a yell like that of a demon, and pushing some of the old furniture aside, dragged

up a trap-door, and darted down a stone staircase, followed by Percy and some of the more courageous of the servants. On they went, through dark passages and vaulted rooms, until a gust of cold air and the white light of daylight suddenly shone down upon them, and at the same moment a woman's voice was heard; and Avie, pale as death, with dilated eyes, and hair hanging disheveled over her shoulders, stood upon the brink of what seemed a living grave.

Frantic, and beside himself with horror, the beggar threw himself upon the confused mass of masonry, dragging stone after stone away, shrieking for help, and calling upon them to save his son from a living tomb.

But no one seemed to heed him. Percy, faint and terror-stricken at the sight of his sister, had clambered up and was trying to force her away; but the girl only shrieked and struggled, pointing to the ruin, and wringing her hands. The paroxysm that had taken possession of Essex seemed to pass away; he staid himself suddenly in his fruitless task, and looking round upon the men, said:

"You think me mad, sir, but I am not. My only son is buried behind that heap of ruin; have none of you bowels, that you stand there open-mouthed while he is dying?"

"Now you speak fairly," cried one of the men; "we'll do our best;" and accordingly to work they went, with pickaxe, spade and shovel, showing such a hearty will that ere many minutes were over they had opened a pathway and showed the mouth of a dark vault, along which came pouring a sulphurous stream of smoke and steam, and down which, utterly careless of any danger, Essex rushed. There was an intense silence at the mouth of the gulf, broken only by the hard sobbing breathing of Avie, who was crouching down, gazing into the passage.

At last a faint and distant shout came upon their ears; then another and another, and Percy, bidding one of the men not let Avie escape, ran down the passage.

Another minute or two of intense suspense, then footsteps, and then Essex and Percy carrying between them a death-like body.

Avie saw it first, and the shriek that broke from her lips seemed to bring back the power of life to the dying man.

"Save her! save her!" he moaned, and clasped the girl's hand, as she hung over him, calling him by every fond name she could invent; then turning:

"Percy, save him!" she cried; "he has not hurt me; he would have saved you; it was all an accident; take him to the house; he is dying, perhaps;" and then she began speaking with her words of love again, walking along holding his hand until they laid him on her brother's bed, and began to dress his wounds.

Percy sought for Essex, but he was gone, no one knew whither; and many days passed before the mystery could be explained; and the explanation came from the lips of the man so miraculously rescued.

Essex had been no beggar in reality, but the descendant of the family who had once possessed the hall, and who, believing his ancestors had been defrauded of their inheritance, had taken a vow of vengeance; and coming down to put it into execution in the most feasible way he could, fell in with a party of coiners, who had already established themselves among the vaults of the old house. He and his son joined these men, and while the father was plotting the ruin of Percy, the son saw and loved Avie, and determined to save him; bribed his father to let him obtain an interview with Avie, with the intention—so his father thought—of forcing her to be his wife, but in reality to save her brother.

The end we have seen—an explosion in the works used by the coiners disclosed the plot, and proved the death of the men engaged in the work. Essex was never heard of again. His son recovered, but only by dint of Avie's constant care; and as she sat by the bay-window in his sick-room day after day, singing softly, and cheering away the long hours, I do not think that she ever regretted that her mysterious lover had turned out to be only like other men.

People wondered at Avie marrying the beggar's son, but Dick Skelton, like a noble fellow as he was, came to her aid, and held it that Essex was a right good gentleman, who had only played the beggar for a time; and when the "Knight of the Lily," as we may still call him, was able to rise from his bed and go up to the court, Dick was at his hand to tell his story, and stand his rival's sponsor for his old sweetheart's sake.

BACON'S CASTLE.

THE subject of this sketch is an old picturesque and historically interesting building, now a country-seat in Surrey County, Virginia, situated about seven miles south of the James River, and fifty miles east from Petersburg. It is said to have been fortified as a stronghold by Nathaniel Bacon and his followers during their struggle with the Colonial Government in 1676, which was called Bacon's Rebellion. The occasion of the outbreak was this, viz.: a hostile tribe of Indians were making attacks upon the colony with all the accompaniments of savage warfare. The means adopted by the Governor to repel them were feeble and inefficient, and the people everywhere petitioned him to allow them to arm themselves and march against their enemies in sufficient force to put down all resistance and clear the country at once of the marauding hordes. Their request was peremptorily denied by the haughty Governor, and in consequence Bacon assembled and equipped a body of men, and putting himself at their head, marched boldly against the savages, whom he completely routed.

For this patriotic act he and his followers were denounced by the Governor in a formal proclamation as rebels; but the people, sustaining their leader, resisted his arrest, and succeeded for a time in regaining their lost privileges. At this juncture, Bacon died quite suddenly, and his party was soon subdued, and the Governor restored to power, in the exercise of which he caused twenty-two of the so-called insurgents to be executed.

There are several superstitions connected with this building, and stories are rife of its being haunted, and of strange sounds and footsteps being heard in its spacious halls at night. It is not probable, however, that much credence can be attached to such vagaries.

TURRET BATTERY AT CALLAO, PERU.

THE science of defense in war, like that of attack, has undergone great advances within the past few years. The application of iron in facing batteries was one of the innovations introduced successfully in Charleston harbor, at the very outset of the war, and the principle there exemplified (in placing iron plating at an angle to the horizon), was subsequently adopted in the construction of the Merrimack, and has probably received its highest development in the monster Dunderberg.

The turret system was, however, first essayed on the water, in the immortal Monitor, and has obtained its development in the Puritan, the Dictator, the Monadnock and Miantonomoh. The application of this system has often been suggested for land works and defenses of harbors, and it is only wonderful that steps have not been taken to put it in practice.

The nearest approximation to the idea of Monitor turrets on land, was made in a hurried and imperfect, yet, as the event proved, a very efficient manner, in Callao, Peru, previous to the late unsuccessful attack of the Spaniards on that port. The suggestion and execution were made by Mr. Ernest Malinowski, a Polish engineer resident in Peru, and who deservedly enjoyed the confidence of Señor Galvez, the late efficient Peruvian War Minister. To these gentlemen, jointly—the energy, determination and sincere purpose of the one, and the intelligence, skill and perseverance of the other (working with inadequate materials and unskilled mechanics)—we say to Galvez and Malinowski Callao owes its safety, and Peru the glory of having defeated the formidable forces of Spain.

The principal reliance of the Peruvians were on some Blakely and other heavy but complicated English guns. As the shore at Callao is sandy and loose, it was impossible to construct batteries at all adequate to mount heavy guns; Malinowski conceived the idea of adopting iron turrets in which to mount and work them. The work had to be done on the moment, and was, consequently, rude, and the guns had to be fired on barbette. But their complicated and all too delicate machinery was adequately protected, as the result proved. None of the guns were dismounted by the heavy fire of the Spaniards. Two were dismounted from the ignorance or unskillfulness of the gunners, and one turret was silenced by the carelessness of the men in dropping a percussion 300-pound shell, which exploded with deadly effect, killing Señor Galvez.

The engraving shows the battery of Junin, which was most efficient in driving off the Spaniards.

CHATTANOOGA FROM LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN.

THE places where the great battles of the rebellion were fought will ever retain a historic interest, and few of them will be associated with more that is heroic than Chattanooga. Around this point, as a common centre, both armies revolved, victory perching upon the banner of each alternately. It will be long before the engagement on Look-out Mountain, or "Battle of the Clouds," as it was called, will be forgotten; and Chattanooga bore so important a part, as the base of supplies for Sherman's army, before he began his memorable march to the sea, that it is now immortalized.

Aside from incidents of the war, no locality possesses more to interest the tourist. Our sketch represents a view from the summit of the mountain, which is 1,600 feet high, and commands a view of some of the finest prospects on the continent. From this point no less than seven States can be seen; while the town, nestled in the valley below, and the river, winding gracefully around, present a scene of imposing grandeur. Previous to the war, this was a favorite resort of travelers from all parts of the Union; and in future it, doubtless, will attract multitudes desirous of witnessing the scene of some of the most heroic deeds the great conflict inspired.

THE GREAT FIRE IN JERSEY CITY.

ON the morning of the 19th August Jersey City was visited with one of the most disastrous conflagrations that has occurred in this vicinity for many years. An immense amount of property was destroyed, and at least three persons perished in the flames. The first intimation of the disaster was an explosion so loud as to be heard for some miles, followed immediately by the ascent, a hundred feet or more, of a column of livid flame, accompanied by a dense body of smoke, which was rapidly carried by the wind across the river, until it enveloped the whole city, as with a pall, and completely obscured the sunlight. The fire originated on board a schooner lying at the bulkhead of a pier adjacent to two immense wharves, upon which were stored thousands of barrels of oil and an immense quantity of tobacco, grain, and other merchandises. The schooner had some five hundred barrels of crude oil on board, with which she was about to leave port. It is stated that one of the hands on board, who, it appears, has miraculously escaped to tell the tale, descended into the hold where the oil was stored for a blacking-brush, which he wished to use on deck. Unable to find it in the dark, he struck a match, which, after using, it is presumed he threw from him, still burning. He says in a general way that he saw his danger and escaped, from which it may be inferred that the lighted match came in contact with some of the fluid which had leaked from the casks, igniting it. He had but time to shout a warning to those near him and escape himself, when a terrific explosion took place, which tore open the decks of the schooner, as if they were things of parchment, and flung high into the air and spread over acres of the surrounding wharves a torrent of flaming oil and the burning slaves of hundreds of the oil barrels. On all sides there was abundant material for feeding the surging flames. Loaded vessels that could not be towed to a place of safety quickly fell a prey to the devouring demon. A long train of cars laden with the inflammable oil formed in a few minutes a line of fire, which quickly communicated to the pier beneath, rendering all effort to stay the progress of the destructive element wholly abortive.

In fact, the heat was so intense that it was impossible to bring the engines within working distance of the fire, and men gazed in and despair on what they were powerless to stay.

When the flames had supreme control of the vessels, the buildings and the cars, the scene was one of terrific grandeur. Acres of flame leaped up into huge clouds of inky smoke, which rolled away toward the north-east. Men and women rushed to the place in crowds,

frightened from their dwellings by the repeated explosions, and by the volumes of flame which followed each, threatening to consume the city if unchecked in their career. Efforts were made by the Police and others to approach the wharves, that they might save life in danger, but the burning shed shut out all possibility of this.

During the whole day the fire raged with unceasing fury, and only subsided when its work of ruin was complete.

The scene presented at night was simply one of blackened ruins, charred piles, twisted and bent iron, and the piles of consuming rubbish always to be found at large fires. The schooner, the primary cause of the disaster, still sent forth columns of flame, and smoke of inky blackness, proceeding from her lower tier of oil casks. Occasionally bright and heavy sheets of flame were puffed upward as the fire reached some new deposit of oil, but no danger was to be apprehended therefrom, for the vicinity, for blocks adjoining, was nothing but smouldering ruins. Two steam engines were retained on the ground all night, and their streams were directed upon the bulk of the schooner, which was burned to the waters edge.

A number of vessels, fully loaded, were lying at the wharves, just ready to sail. These, with their cargoes, were entirely consumed. The entire loss is estimated at two millions of dollars, and but for a favorable change in the wind would have proved much greater.

Such was the intense heat of the flames that, with the exception of a few charred timbers forming part of the giant skeletons of the wharves, everything consumable was eaten up by the fire. Unlike the debris of an ordinary fire, there are no piles of half-burned timber or indications left of the form of the immense buildings which so lately stood thereon. Over two acres are covered with ashes, and lying symmetrically upon these, the hoops of the ten thousand barrels as they fall, each one twisted like the figure eight, half calcined, and covered as if with a reddish rust. The iron rails of the track which led down to the wharf are twisted from the sleepers, half-burned beneath them. Further on the wheels and axles and springs of the forty cars lie in a long line of shapeless ruin, but with not a particle of wood near them, nor anything but the impalpable gray powder which once was wood, and which now rises in a cloud with the slightest puff of wind.

OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE subject of our illustration this week is Mr. Charles J. Smith, of the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn, the champion club of the United States. The history of this noted base-ball organization would make an interesting volume without doubt, for the club has grown with the game, last season witnessing the Atlantic nine without equals as practical exemplars of the attractive features of our national sport, while the game never before reached so near perfection. The championship in base-ball, it may be as well to state, is a title awarded by custom alone, there being nothing of the kind recognized by the National Association, and we trust there never will be, for undoubtedly the result of such official recognition would be the extension of the pernicious influences which now surround the contest: for the coveted laurels. The Atlantic were the first club to assume the title, or rather allow it to be thrust upon them, their unvaried success, season after season, from 1857 up to 1862, and afterward during 1864 and 1865, leading to their being tacitly acknowledged as the champion club of the country. But, as we before remarked, this topic would afford interesting matter for a volume, and as we are limited in space to less than a column, we must recur to the subject of our sketch, viz: the representative man of the champion pine of the Atlantic Club.

"Charley Smith," as he is familiarly called, is, in many respects, a model ball-player, for there is not a position in the game he cannot ably fill; but he is especially "at home" on the third base, and as a player in this important position he stands unrivaled. A swift and accurate thrower, full of pluck in facing the "hot-st" kind of balls, a sure and safe hitter, thoroughly posted in the points of the game, earnest and vigorous in his movements from the first to the last innings of the game, and, though always on the qui vive to avail himself of every legitimate advantage in a close contest, still always playing on the "square," scornful to take an illiberal or unfair advantage, Charley has won for himself an enviable reputation as the finest general player in the United States, and we think him fully entitled to the honor. As a cricketer, too, he would take high rank, being next to the lamented O'Grignon in his capacity, as far as physical qualifications are concerned, for excelling in that game, practice being all he requires to entitle him to a high position in an American eleven. It is scarcely necessary, however, to further describe his characteristics, for the ball-player who has not seen him play must have had very limited opportunities of witnessing the finest contests known in the history of base-ball. Before we close, however, by way of illustration of his manly style of play, we will mention one little incident occurring in an exciting game at Bedford, on the old Atlantic grounds, some years ago, the contestants in which were his club and the Mutuals. It was getting dark, and the "point" of play was to delay the game, so as to throw the decision back to the close of the previous innings, when the victory would have been necessarily awarded to the Atlantic. Both parties had lost sight of fair play, in the excitement of the contest, and were resorting to a style of tactics not now in vogue except among the "roughs" of the fraternity—of which there are but few. Two hands were out, and no effort was being made to put the third hand of the Mutuals out, as thereby the victory must have gone to the Mutuals; seeing how openly this thing was being done, Smith, thinking more of the credit of his club than the mere victory, and not being influenced by the betting fraternity, went up and touched the Mutual player, who was walking home between second and third bases, thereby ending the game. A manly act like this redounds more to the credit of a man than the most brilliant act of fielding, and to a club more than a dozen victories.

ACTING ON INSTRUCTIONS.—As a proof of Austrian unpopularity in Venice, it is related that a ballet-dancer at Venice, while dancing at the theatre there, had a bouquet thrown her, tied with a ribbon in the Italian colors. She immediately kissed the ribbon, which created tremendous enthusiasm amongst the audience. After the performance she was called to the police office, and sharply reprimanded for this act of patriotism. She excused herself by saying that in kissing the bouquet she had only followed the universal custom on such occasions; but the authorities would not accept this excuse, and told her that another time she should not kiss the bouquet, but treat it under foot. The following evening another bouquet was thrown, and the dancer, in compliance with her instructions, trod it under foot, again amid frantic applause. The ribbon round the bouquet was, however, this time not red, green and white ribbon, but black and yellow—the colors of Austria.



CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—SEE PAGE 391.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION AT JERSEY CITY, ON SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19TH—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PETROLEUM DOCKS ADJOINING THE PAVONIA FERRY, TOGETHER WITH A NUMBER OF VESSELS.—SEE PAGE 391



TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, yea, to-morrow. Aroh deceiver,
Upon the present, cold and unillumed,
Unlured by thee, I stand, an unbeliever,
Whose faiths thy treacheries have all en-
tombled.

Did I not woo thee, ere the hour of passion
Had rent to naught the gossamer of love,
With hopes as pure as any that shall fashion
Themselves to deeds unmentionable above,
To-morrow?

To-morrow, yea, to-morrow. Vain and shallow,
I followed thee when fame was all thy bait,
And failure plowed, and scorn engrained the
fallow

Of my stung soul with unbelief and hate.
A fool untought, afar I saw thee glitter,
And big with trade, I gambled on the mart
For dross as worthless as the truth is bitter
That it and I eternally shall part,
To-morrow.

To-morrow, yea, to-morrow. O betrayer
Of all the trusts that molder in the past,
I fain would woo thee with an humble prayer,
And gain thy first, best promises at last;
But ever on my soul a nameless terror,
And ever in my ears a demon's laugh,
Evoke the consciousness of damning error—
I know thou art Creation's Epitaph,
To-morrow.

To-morrow, yea, to-morrow. When high heaven
Is shriveled up like some gold-lettered scroll,
The clay, no longer pulsed with earth's gross
leaven,
Shall fall like rags unheld; and stark, the soul,
Upon the brink of fast receding matter,
Where temples reel, and clumbless mountains
nod,
Shall view perforce the awful hands which shatter,
Behold, at last, in Lucifer or God,
To-morrow.

Madeline's Marriage; OR, THE STEPDAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IX.—DISCOVERIES.

MADLINE's napkin felt very heavy, as she took it up at the breakfast-table the following morning, and out of its folds fell a pair of Etruscan bands, linked together with a cord, on which Cyril had pencilled his "Merrie Christmas."

By-and-by, as she sat turning them on her pretty wrists, in a pleased, idle way, the donor came, and laughed at her thanks, and took her off to church, and afterward dined with her.

This was pleasant, yet, somehow, Cyril made her feel deficient. When the people she taught for told her she didn't know enough to keep the situation, she hadn't cared. But it was different now. And there was absolutely nothing she could talk of, neither books, nor travels, nor art—not even gossip. She took compliments in earnest—which is unpardonable; and she was conscious and embarrassed by her ignorance, which was uncomfortable.

Feeling this, and half resentful because of it, she took care to make herself as pretty as possible for the opera, with a feminine spirit of spite, which takes refuge in personal charms, and forgives all slights but the slight of them.

It was, perhaps, Madame Violette's taste, rather than her own, which selected the pearly-colored poplin, trimmed with *pointe*, the white cloak and the lace bonnet with a face brimming of May-flowers—just one spray; but it was faultless.

Cyril brought her a bouquet of japonicas—all white, for his own credit. He was a little startled to find her so pretty.

Lotte Verrell, a gorgeous, tropical-tinted girl, who was as much in love with Cyril as it was proper for a belle to be with any one, said Mrs. Hellens was ravishing—like a Parisian toy—and drove out next morning to Desir to see her, and insisted on having her company for New Year's Day.

These holidays were an epoch. Madeline hadn't the least confidence in herself, which made her matronly title rather absurd; nevertheless she was new, and people admired her. She watched Cyril. One night, after the *dansante*, when some of the gentlemen were rather familiarly attentive, and Mrs. Antone, who was authority in female beauty, expressed a somewhat pointed admiration, she fancied Cyril looked grave. She said nothing; but the next afternoon, when he had ridden out for a few moments, and was sitting with her, a tulle ball-dress, an imported affair, happened to be brought in from Madame Violette's.

"I shall not take it," she said, quietly, as the Frenchwoman shook out the skirt, the delicatest, cloudiest thing conceivable.

"It is certainly pretty," Cyril said, after the woman had gone. "Didn't it suit you?"

"Yes," she hesitated; "but—"

"What?" he asked.

"I am not going to any more parties at present."

She fancied he looked relieved.

"But why not?"

She glanced up, shyly.

"I fancy," she said, "that I should like to study some, and take my time up that way."

"Going to turn blue-stocking, eh?" with a careless air.

She was the least bit disappointed that he took no more interest. But it did not change her determination.

Miss Verrell, seized with some slight compunctions lest she had admitted a rival into the field, took special pains to hunt up a governess for her "dear, naughty friend, who would not come to her grand birthday ball."

To the lady who came as *dame com pagnon* Madeline said:

"Of course, I shall never know much about music now, but it will amuse me, you know, to take lessons."

"Certainly. Madame has a sweet voice; she shall sing."

"And I don't suppose I shall ever go to Europe, but I might as well learn a little German and French."

After this the days passed quietly enough. She sat, as usual, for an hour with her husband. This became a habit, though it was very rarely he recognized her. After that were her lessons, her drive when it was fine, a few visits, and a cultivated and sensible companion for the long evenings. Twice a week Cyril came out to tea. Insensibly he felt her improvement.

"For what are you making yourself so attractive?" he asked, with a kind of abrupt displeasure, one day.

It hurt her. She turned away from him without replying.

By-and-by he followed her.

"Forgive me for that?" he said, penitently.

"It was nothing," she answered, a little proudly.

"You will forget it while I am gone?"

"Gone!"

"Yes. I am no good here. I am going abroad."

"This is sudden."

"Yes."

"Is there anything—any trouble?" she faltered, between Lotte Verrell and you?"

"That an absurd idea, Mrs. St. Hellens," he answered, with annoyance.

"Forgive me!"

"Now we are even," he laughed; "we have asked one another's pardon."

"Yes—"

"Only that I am a wretch to offend you; and you are always—an angel."

His face was troubled and excited.

"What is wrong, Cyril? Tell me, won't you?" and she laid her hand on his arm.

He looked down in her face a moment, and shuddered at her touch. Then he strode a few times up and down the floor.

"I expect to get off to-morrow," he said, in a husky voice, stopping near her, "and I'll say good-by to-night."

She looked at him in wonder. Taking the hand he stretched out, she found it as cold as ice.

It was all over so rapidly, that he left her where he had wrung her hand at parting, paralyzed with surprise.

The next morning his servant brought her a little note and a package, containing an exquisite Parian statuette. The note bade her another good-by—said he got off at noon. He wanted a medallion of Clytie which she had, in exchange for this Aphrodite he sent. That was all.

The months slipped along uneventfully after that. The early, tender-tinted spring-days, with a heaven of violets in the grass, and a *sangerfest* of bird-songs in the forest, coloring the Villa Desir like a Claude, came seething with promise, and deepening through the delicious hours into the still perfection of a Southern June. Then here was just one little line from Cyril: "I am at Paris, Mrs. St. Hellens. You must not spend the summer at Desir," with no other word or sign.

She twisted the note in her fingers, sitting under the oaks, on the very bench where she had heard the story of the St. Hellenses, and wondered for the hundredth time what had sent Cyril away so suddenly.

The Verrells and the Antonos were off for the Adirondacks before the month ended. Lotte affected Mrs. St. Hellens since Cyril's departure; she was quite in earnest that her *pauvre petite chat* should not be left behind. The heat, she said, would be unendurable a few weeks thence.

Madeline smiled dreamily.

"I believe," she said, "I shall rather thrive in it. I have a pleasing sense of vegetating and expanding since the warm weather came."

"*Mon amie!* you are a perfect prude! What earthly difference can your absence make to your husband?"

"None whatever."

"And yet you will not go?"

"No."

"What shall I bring you from New York?"

"Oh, nothing."

"I can't understand you at all, my love. Good-by."

As Madeline had said, she rather thrived and expanded through the summer. Her habit of life settled into an evenness which demanded very little exertion. One day repeated another, and in the calm, she acquired that full, delicious consciousness of existence which belongs of right to a young and beautiful woman. Her physique was of that sort which, under any circumstances, develops late. It needed the languor and repose, the influence and impressions of fruition which the season brought, and she appropriated that subtle stimulant of lush and feculent growths, which is poison to some systems, with profit.

Her tastes lapsed into indulgent indolence. The noon siesta and the perfumed bath became necessities. She wore the airiest fabrics, cobweb mulls and filmy organdies, with daintiest of linens and laces; the finest, flimsiest stockings, with a *soupeon* of a sandal for her tiny feet, and her heavy hair in cool, compact braids. Her form rounded enchantingly; a soft glow suffused her skin; she added an inch or so to her height; the severe contour of her features softened a shade; an expressive and brilliant languor deepened the beauty of her large eyes. The cool, quiet house assimilated itself with her moods. Draperies of rosy lace clouded the couches and the beds, and hung with motionless lightness before the doors and windows. Through the day, till toward sundown, the sudden sea-breeze tore them apart and ruffled through the rooms.

Sometimes she went off with her *gouvernante* for

a long ride to the sea-shore, and Uncle Dan followed them in their rambles by the moonlight along the beach, the salt wind damping their dresses as the tide and the surf boomed in. She read and dreamed, and succeeded to her inheritance of womanhood.

In the autumn Mrs. Donivon came to Desir on a visit. The Verrells and the others returned with the frost.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Antone, bowing to Madeline, as she drove past him with her mother, "what has happened to Mrs. St. Hellens—she is positively dazzling!"

In the "wing" there had been no changes. The year had been like the year of a dream.

The master of Desir, so weirdly old and fragile, slept on under his spell, and Simon, like an ambassador of the evil geni who had enchanted him, kept his vigilant watch.

Mrs. Donivon's proud face glittered with exultation at Madeline's position and surroundings.

"My darling," she said, "why did you never write me of all this luxury and elegance which you control?"

"Didn't I, mamma?" she answered, indifferently.

"You have everything, Madeline, which heart could desire. I could not have asked more for you. And you are so prudent, too, my child. Few girls could have borne themselves as you have in your position. I am very proud of you."

She raised her eyelids slowly, not understanding wholly what her mother meant.

"Mr. Hylder was at Brierville for a fortnight in August," continued Mrs. Donivon. "He has improved, too; and he talks of you. Why, Madeline, do you know that he was sincerely in love with you?"

Madeline smiled, but in a weary, vague sort of way.

"And," added Mrs. Donivon, "if things had not come about as they did, it would not have been—"

"Oh, mamma, pray do not talk of it!"

"You have never told me anything of Mr. St. Hellens's adopted son, my dear. What sort of a person is he?" the mother inquired, changing the subject.

"Why, a very nice person, mamma," said the daughter, a little restlessly.

"Is he staid, or dissipated, or how, dear?"

"Why, not at all, mamma," was the indefinite, uneasy answer, as Mrs. St. Hellens moved away, and terminated the conversation.

After the holidays Mrs. Donivon went home. In Mr. St. Hellens's apartments the Christmas music and the altar and the dumb importunity of the sick man's eyes repeated themselves. No more. The seasons followed just the same. It was three years since the Christmas Eve when Madeline had first hung the walls of Desir with holly, and Christmas Eve had come again. About dark her bedroom was a-blast with lights. The toilet-table was heaped with a glittering confusion; over the bed lay a velvet dress. In a *faisleuil*, before the long mirror, Madeline sat in her white *peignoir*, handling the pearls in a jewel-case with idle criticism, while Hebe, on her knees, was lacing her mistress's delicate satin boots.

"I'd like mighty well to see Mrs. Lotte's Christmas tree myself," said the girl, in a semi-aside.

"Hebe," said Mrs. St. Hellens, "can you keep a secret?"

"Laws, yes, Miss Madeline, you might know—"

"You're sure, Hebe?" impressively.

"Just as sure as I b' that you're gwine to look like a picture in that yer dress, Miss."

Madeline smiled.

"Well then, Hebe, you shall see a Christmas tree to-morrow. I have one loaded with presents for every one of you."

"Oh, Miss Madeline!"

"And what do you suppose yours will be?"

"Couldn't tell for my life, Miss," said the girl, with sparkling eyes, "thout it might be—a white—"

"You're very good at guessing, Hebe; it's a wedding-dress and veil," and the mistress of Desir looked with a wondering, half-longing curiosity into the radiant face, shy and sparkling with a sort of happiness which was all a mystery to her.

CHAPTER X.—REEFS.

Mrs. VERRELL had made her customary Christmas party larger, and hence more brilliant than usual, this year, and the rooms were thronged when Mrs. St. Hellens entered. Her black velvet dress, with its heavy train, became her admirably.

At the last moment she had taken off the pearls, which had been bought by her mother's inducement, and sent to the green-house for a japonica for her hair. Her neck and arms were bare—dazzling and perfect. She had grown accustomed to a certain routine of society, and moved in it with easy indifference. Polite, attentive, seldom animated, rarely interested, never betrayed into looking happy or excited, her manner was wondered at by one sex and applauded by the other.

She stood that night in her queenly calm talking with Antone. The band began a redowa.

"Just one round," he begged.

She laid her bouquet on the pier, and they whirled away.

"Very handsome, isn't she?" said a gentleman, watching her.

She was certainly graceful. Her pure skin never flushed like that of the other dancers. Her head, a trifle drooped, in its old way, under the weight of her gold-threaded hair—dancing, as though she was redeemed, for the moment, from marble, and would go back to her trance when the music ceased.

"To think of her being tied to that old dotard!" responded him to whom the observation was addressed.

"As discreet, too, as if she was fifty."

"Yes. I've watched her these three years—have never seen a look which could be called im-

prudent. I believe she has no feeling—no emotional capacity, as they say."

"Or else she broke her heart before she married St. Hellens."

A stranger near the two listened indifferently—till he heard the name:

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," bowing and approaching them; "but is Mrs. Henri St. Hellens here? I haven't seen her."

"That is her, sir," one of the talkers said, stiffly. "The one in black."

"Ah!"—the intruder's breath came hard—"Yes, I see; thank you."

He fell back with the crowd. The hom of the velvet just brushed him as the dancers glided past, a faint odor from a japonica floated about him. He folded his arms, dropped his head, standing in the shadow, and watched her.

The redowa ended. She left Antone, and a few moments after waltzed with somebody else. Then a few turns up and down the floor with another, and she was leaving the *sala*. He extricated himself from the crowded corner, and followed. She had taken her seat in a small room. There were two or three persons directly in front of the divan, and before he could make his way between them she had raised her eyes and recognized Cyril St. Hellens.

A look shot over her face—a rare look—and faded.

She smiled with simple, pleased welcome, and held her hand out quietly.

"This is a great surprise!" she said, with such composure, that one might have thought it no surprise at all.

"It is to me," he explained, seeming to make an effort to clear his brows of their kirks. "I came in town about ten, and as that was too late to go to Desir, I went to the club that night to hear the news, and there met Gordon, who insisted on bringing me here."

"You have seen Lotte?"

"No—no one but you."

"Well, you'll have time for the rest now. I am about going."

"So early?"

"One o'clock is invariably my hour."

The group had fallen back a little in some surprise at this meeting. Cyril had taken his seat upon the divan.

"My father?" he asked, lowering his tone.

"We see no change."

"I suppose not. Simon, you know, has written semi-monthly."

"Ah!"

"It seems as if I had been away an eternity."

"It is nearly three years."

"True. How well you remember."

"It is all I have to do."

"You mingle some redows with remembrance?"—speaking interrogatively, with a kind of grim sarcasm.

"I have followed your advice."

"Because it was my advice?"

"You have learned your catechism in Paris, it seems." There was the slightest hauteur—like the dignity of a Greek goddess—in her manner.

"Pardon me. I believe I was catechizing you. I am so anxious to hear all about you."

"I have nothing to withhold," she smiled, rising.

"Shall I not accompany you home?"

"Oh, no. Good-night. Lotte dispenses with formalities on account of my having no escort, so I go directly to the dressing-room."

She bowed, inclusively, to those around her, and was gone before Cyril St. Hellens had half realized the meeting—the manner, the change, the consequences.

The next morning he was early at Desir. Madeline was alone. It really required the daylight to show how greatly she had improved. Her former crude beauty was refined to a variableness, a mobility and control, which first dazzled by its perfection, and afterward infatuated by its delicate and subtle changes.

She was not over-talkative, but the fine, sympathetic discrimination she exhibited, excited conversation. And above all, she was that uncommon creation—a woman of the world, whose heart is fresh—kept like a lily encrinite in its marble mold.

"You are rather changed," she said to Cyril, as they sat, that Christmas morning, in the room where he had once dreamed a *l'été-à-l'été* with his father's wife.

"And you, Mrs. St. Hellens"—with an affectation of gayety—"you fairly stunned me last night."

"Have you not become enough of a Parisian to refrain from telling a lady that she is growing old?" with the slightest arch of her brows.

"You are *moqueuse*. You are an apotheosis of your former self!"

"You extricate yourself admirably," she answered.

"I shall not bandy compliments with you," said Cyril, seriously.

"I would much rather you would not," with significance.

There was something about her that chilled him. The glitter was all frost-work. And yet he lingered—talking of idle things, travel—what not.

He busied his mind contriving pretexts and arguments for insuring her society. She must hear "Semiramide" the following night. She must ride with him—she took too little exercise. To would come out again in the evening with a novel she had not seen.

But the morning subsequent to "Semiramide" Miss Verrell drove to Desir.

"You were really charming last night," she said. "I never saw you with color."

A suspicion of scorn crossed Madeline's face and subsided. Miss Lotte was so intimate, she might take liberties.

"How do you think Cyril St. Hellens is looking?" she asked next.

"Very well," indifferently.

"Mon amie," said Miss Verrell, in a confidential way, "I want you to contradict an old story."

"I am not much interested by old stories."

"But they say," narrowing her eyes in a feline way, to watch the better, "that somebody went abroad, three years ago, because he was in love"—drawing the words—"with Mrs. St. Hellens."

The narrow eyes saw a scarlet spot in one of Madeline's cheeks, no more, and that but a minute.

"I heard," she answered, carelessly, "that it was because somebody was in love with Miss Verrell that he tore himself away."

"You knew better," sharply.

"Did I?" with languid surprise at the other's excitement.

"Yes—or you may know now. There was nothing—"

"It doesn't interest me particularly to know it."

"You are so bizarre!" Miss Verrell coughed, choking back her half-betrayal. "But what a stay I am making! and that reminds me of my errand. I met St. Hellens as I was coming out, which put all this nonsense into my head, and told him I was going to bring you in town with me to spend the afternoon; whereupon he agreed to come to dinner. Now you needn't refuse—"

"I must to-day."

"Fahaw! You're offended at what I've said."

"I am not."

"Ah, do come? I shall never forgive you."

"Oh, yes you will."

"And what excuse can I give him?"

"Him!" Mrs. St. Hellens's lips writhed. "The same I've given you—if any."

"That's none at all."

"Very well."

"You are so provoking. Well, I don't care!" with a little satirical laugh. "I shall have Cyril to myself. I believe I'll renew our flirtation. I think he's elegant—vastly improved!" and the young lady departed.

As for Madeline, the shaft had struck home. She put her hands to her throat, as if the bit of bright velvet about it was choking her, and her heart beat so hard that she thought she should suffocate. The blood, which she had kept back with a mighty effort, blazed in her cheeks, and she covered as though to escape some threatening degradation.

She went to the piano—her voice was gone; the sewing she picked up slipped through her fingers and slid to the floor. She could do nothing the live-long day but think and suffer.

In the early twilight she sat in her old seat before the fire, with her hands shut nervously in her lap, thinking still—trying to keep down the tumult long enough to realize clearly what was before her. When the door opened presently, she expected it was Miss Lasselles joining her for the evening, and a little shiver of disgust at the idea of companionship—scrutiny—went over her. The person who entered did not advance, getting accustomed, it might be, to the shadowy room. Mrs. St. Hellens straightened herself and turned.

"Cyril!" she exclaimed, in a scared, imperious way, in the manner of a threat one utters in a fright, "what are you doing here?" And then, trying to clear her hoarse voice, "I thought you were to dine with Miss Verrell?" keeping her eyes on him as she half turned in her chair, as though in terror.

"So I have," he said, grimly glancing around. "Are you alone, Mrs. St. Hellens?" dwelling unconsciously, unpleasantly, upon her name, closing the door and keeping his hand on the knob.

"As you see," she sank back in the chair, speaking a little haughtily.

"Forgive me!" His voice was unstrung. He walked forward, slowly.

"For what?" half withholding the question as she asked it.

"For being the dupe of a mischievous woman, and for acting like a fool," he answered, recklessly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"In that case I should think you had to make peace with yourself—not me," she retorted, with constraint.

"You know nothing about it?"

"No—I do not."

He leaned against the mantel, and looked steadily into her face, which was raised, utterly controlled, to his. He said:

"You refused to dine with Miss Verrell, knowing that I was going there to meet you—and stopped."

"Yes," she assented, icily.

There was a break in the bitterness of his tone. "And she put it into my head that you took the opportunity to entertain some one whom you did not wish me to meet here."

He hurried through with the explanation, snatching his breath.

The firelight flared into Madeline's face; it was very white—deadly white—like hoar frost, in its composure.

"By what right d— Miss Verrell insinuate that I do anything I am ashamed of?" she asked, so calmly that she deceived him; and then, breaking down, with a hysterical choking in her throat, and speaking in a higher key, folding and unfolding her hands, excitedly: "Go to her this minute! Tell her I will not endure such things from either of you! Go to her! Ask her what she means!"

"It was my fault," Cyril began—"mine alone. I told you," speaking penitently, "that I had acted like a fool. I don't know how I dare mistrust you. I was so disappointed not to meet you." He stooped toward her. "Why was it that you did not come?" he asked, in a coaxing, deprecating tone.

"Because I would not," she answered, excited and displeased.

"I would to heaven I had never come home!" he muttered.

"I would you had not."

The words broke impetuously from her lips. In an instant she would have been only too glad to recall them.

"Madeline!" His voice was very solemn—very low.

He had never called her that before. It was unpardonable that he should. She shivered.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Has this contemptible gossip troubled you so?" in a tone of tender, protecting pity.

She shook with a nervous chill. She clinched the arms of the great chair with her little hands, trying, vainly, not to stir.

"Why, Madeline!" he said, wonderingly, his voice not free from a thrill of delight and exultation, "you do not care for what they say—"

"I do—I do! Such talk dishonours me."

"Heavens, Madeline! what a word you use!"

He looked at her with a wild passion leaping into his eyes. "Take the word back, child," he said, fiercely, after a minute, "for I tell you that the talk is truth."

"Hush!" she cried, the monosyllable shivering upon her lips into a faint shriek.

"It is too late," he answered, in a rapid, reckless tone; "it is too late! I love you, and you know it."

A dumb cry of anguish and protest parted Mrs. St. Hellens's lips. She covered her white face with her hands, cowering, helplessly, before him.

"We have gone too far now not to understand each other"—triumphing, in his man's fashion, at what himself had accomplished, and scoring his own doing to destiny. "It was because I loved you that I left you," he went on, passionately. "I tried—I tried to forget you; and when my desire to see you became unsupportable, I came back."

He set his lips together, grimly, drawing himself up to his height, his face stamped with a sort of savage delight at the thought that the words were said; priding himself, in his way, that he had forborne to say them sooner, or to say more of them now.

She was powerless to command his silence.

"What have you done?" she asked, in a hoarse tone of despair.

He was silent, standing aloof, his eyes glued to her face. The blood, which had curdled an instant in her veins, flowed again in the pause.

"You must never utter—never think—such things again," she said, in a slow, hopeless way.

The words fell leadenly into his heart. Her strength and decision roused with his silence.

"Cyril!"—turning her blanched face to his, and meeting his eyes—"you must go away from here."

He started. Through it all he had been brave enough to refrain from wrenching from her any avowal of his love's return. That had been much, he thought. He had forborne, he had abided by this sacrifice to their position; but she—she yielded nothing!

"Madeline!" he cried, in a piercing tone—"oh, Madeline!"—holding his hands out toward her, in a piteous, pleading way—"you do not mean—"

"Yes—yes—I mean it! You are to go away. I will not see you." Her eyes were blazing with excitement. She got up, walking away from him, with an involuntary gesture of fear.

He started.

"Tell me," he said, fiercely, "did you guess this before I went away?"

"No, no!"—placing herself before him, trying to forbid him.

"Then, Madeline," he cried, exultingly, "if I could conceal my love from you, do you not think I could conceal it from the world?"

"That is not it," she answered, very low.

His heart fired—a step nearer—he caught her hands! She did not struggle, as he expected, grasping them hard, but left them passively in his. With the shadows settling around her, facing him, thrilling, commanding him, her voice deep, vibrant, passionately sweet, she said, lingeringly:

"Go, Cyril, if you love me."

For a bewildered, unsteady instant, intoxicated with her implied assurance, he looked at her, not understanding the power she was exercising over him. Then, with a sudden sound—scarcely a moan—his hold on her wrists loosened—her hands dropped heavily from his grasp. The dark and the silence thickened; the shadows swayed. The parlor door was softly opened. A step clanged through the hall, down the steps, along the gravel.

Madeline St. Hellens stretched her arms, wearily, undefinedly forward, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

Mud Volcanoes.

It is not a pleasant idea—that of a sluggish torrent of exceedingly dirty water, or thin paste, issuing from a crack in the earth, and gradually building up a conical hill of mud of a dirty black color, cracked all over when dry, and too slimy to give foothold while moist. There is in it none of the dignity of danger, none of the grandeur that belongs to a sudden outburst of smoke accompanied by the roaring of subterranean artillery, and a current of white-hot lava threatening to destroy a town some miles distant. A mud volcano is decidedly tame and repulsive compared to a volcano of the ordinary kind.

And yet a real honest eruption of a mud volcano, and the result seen in a large district where such phenomena have been frequent, and have lasted a long while, is an event worth recording, and not without a good deal of interest of its own. The nearest instances we have of mud volcanoes are in the Apennines, not far from Parma, but they are little known and less visited. Others, on a rather larger scale, are to be seen in Sicily. But all these are very small in their results; and to know what mud volcanoes really are, and what they can do, it is necessary to cross Europe entirely, and visit the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. There is nothing nearer than that which will give any satisfactory notion of the state of the case. In the wild steppes of the Crimea, and in the much wilder *Manan* or delta of the river

Kuban, as it brings down with it from the Caucasus the mud of a large district, and deposits it in the Straits of Kerch, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, we shall find lofty cones, also of mud, but of mud not placed where we see it by the stream. In this part of the world we may learn the history of such phenomena, and how it is that nature has produced some of her most curious contrasts.

I was fortunate enough a few months ago to see the very beginning of one of these odd freaks of nature. I was at Catania toward the close of January, just at the time when, some five hundred miles off, deep mutterings and growlings were heard, which alarmed the good people of the Grecian Archipelago, and were the precursors of the eruption that has added two or three new promontories to the little island of Nea Kaimeni, in the Gulf of Santorin.

The eruption took place in a small plain near Catania. At first a column of boiling, dirty water leapt high into the air almost without noise, accompanied by a great quantity of carbonic acid gas. Before long, several more jets made their appearance, and in the course of a week, though the gush was still considerable from the original spring, the force of the eruption had wasted itself in a multitude of small fountains, lazily puffing and bubbling all over the plain. It was in this state when I saw it. The ground was white with a thick tenacious clay, very treacherous to walk over, cracked in every direction, and covered with pools of dirty water of all sizes, on which a thin film of naphtha was floating. There was here no cone of mud formed. The foundation only was laid, and in due time, if the dirty water continues to pour out, there is no doubt that a goodly superstructure may present itself.

There was much that was interesting and curious in this scene. A spring of cool clear water is common enough; a gush of hot mineral water, loaded with various salts and gases, is not unfamiliar; but a spring of mud, unsavory enough in idea, as well as unsightly in nature, welling up from the soil where a few days before there had been vegetable growth, poisoning the ground and laying the foundation of a mud heap that might grow into a mountain, was not a thing to be seen and passed by without notice.

Let me place the reader now on the extreme verge of European land, in the narrow channel sometimes called the Cimmerian Bosphorus, sometimes the Straits of Kerch. To the right are many low banks and spits of land, numerous straggling inlets, and a muddy expanse stretching far away, and as monotonous as need be. But here also are conical hillocks and hills, and ranges of ugly clay hills that strike the observer as different from what he has seen elsewhere. These hills and ranges of hills are piled up, but not by the hand of man. He sees before him the peninsula of Taman, originally and still part of the delta of the Kuban, and on it are mud volcanoes, which are on so large a scale as to astonish any one who has not had previous experience of the phenomenon.

One of the most remarkable of these occupies a prominent position opposite the old fort of Enikale. It is a perfectly detached and nearly perfect cone, some two hundred and fifty feet high, with a crater which can barely be distinguished in the distance. No subterranean fires are now indicated by smoke or flame. On the 27th of February, 1794, a Russian officer was, however, witness to an eruption from this hill, and has described the succession of events with considerable care.

A whistling sound was first heard, and this was succeeded by a violent blast of wind, which lasted only for an instant, and then a noise resembling thunder proceeded from the bowels of the earth. A thick, black smoke next rose high into the air, and was followed by a column of flame fifty feet high and thirty feet in circumference. This continued for eight hours and a half, and then, from a fissure that opened, hot mud was poured forth with extreme violence, some lumps of hardened mud being shot out more than half a mile from the place of issue. It was not until the summer was far advanced that it was possible to visit the scene of this singular eruption.

In the spring of last year, seventy-one years after the eruption, I visited this cone and crater. It is now quiet enough, and attracts attention so little that it was difficult to make the Russian post-master give the right instructions to his employes to insure my being able to reach the spot. I found it showing marks of very recent but very gentle eruption of dirty mud. There was nothing to prevent my walking to the top, where I found a small pool of muddy water. The height was about two hundred and fifty feet. There was but little to see and less to talk about. The view, however, from the summit, over the flat delta, broken by groups of hills of singular form on each side of the straits, was not without interest. The hills were dull, dingy, little cultivated anywhere, and with very little vegetation apparent; but they suggested their history, which is not unconnected with great movements that have wonderfully affected the face of nature in these parts of the world.

We next drove toward the village of Aktinisorka, of which it would be difficult to say much, as it is a collection of Tartar hovels, about equally adapted for the shelter of the equine and human inhabitants, the former, perhaps, deserving and enjoying the greater consideration.

Scores of mud hillocks were there, but the description of one will be sufficient, for they are all exactly alike. Out of a small orifice at the top of a cone there oozed out a slimy, pasty substance, sufficiently fluid to run over the edge and down the side of the cone, but not fluid enough to reach the bottom. Numerous little rills of the mud were thus like so many pieces of dirty brown ribbon hanging over the edge of the crater, part of the way down its slopes. It is to the continual additions thus made that the cone is entirely due, and thus it is not difficult to understand how little attractive the result is likely to be. So soon as the cone becomes so high that the column of mud is

equal in weight to the force that presses from below tending to bring it to the surface, so soon of course the flow ceases; or if, as sometimes happens, the flow is so slow and the mud so thick as to choke the passage, the same result takes place; but as there seems to be a continual pressure on some subterranean store of mud—some vast Augean heap that can never be exhausted—no sooner has a vent closed in one place than another is opened close by. Thus, though there are seldom many vents discharging at once, there is always the same desolation, the same mixture of dry and wet slime, extending itself slowly in all directions, perpetually buried under its own weight, and perpetually rising again with its filthy mantle of sulphurous clay.

On the Kerch side of the straits there is something of the same kind in half a dozen distinct localities, but on a somewhat smaller scale. There, too, we find, close to the heaps and pools of mud, small springs of naphtha, sufficient in quantity to be the object of serious research. The naphtha and mud volcanoes are mutually related, for the naphtha often floats on the top of the mud as it issues from the vent, and is almost always got from wells dug within a few yards of the place where the mud issues. The naphtha taints the soil and produces an odor which may be detected at some distance. In some places it actually oozes out in sufficient quantity to form pools, and it is well known that at Baku, on the west shore of the Caspian, and in islands on the other side of that inland sea, where there are numerous mud volcanoes in incessant action, the naphtha flows in quantities so large that it has been collected and used from time immemorial for burning in lamps. There are now Russian companies who collect and sell it for this purpose.

Between the actual mud volcanoes of the ordinary kind near Kerch, and the waters of the Putrid Sea, is a long strip of country, throughout which are to be found sulphurous emanations, and occasional springs and jets tainted with sulphureted hydrogen gas.

But there are some of the waters much more highly charged with foreign ingredients than others, and among them there is one lake not far from Kerch that has an especial reputation. It is called Tchokrak, a name not euphonious, but perhaps significant, for anything more nasty than the water, more filthy than the mud that settles below its heavy oily surface, or more melancholy than the scenery around it, no traveler would desire to see. It is a small lake, perhaps a mile in circumference, separated only by a bank of gravel a few yards wide from the Sea of Azof. The waters of the Sea of Azof, like those of the Black Sea, are only brackish, especially at the surface. Out of a thousand parts of Black Sea water only sixteen consist of salts or other solids held in solution, whereas more than double that quantity, or thirty-four parts, of the Mediterranean, consist of salts. Of the waters of the Lake of Tchokrak, however, one hundred and forty parts out of a thousand remain after evaporation, and much the largest proportion, about one half, consists of salts of magnesia. Thus of the waters of the lake and Sea of Azof, separated by a few yards of gravel, one contains nine times as much solid matter in solution as the other.

But the difference is not only in the solids contained in the water. Lake Tchokrak has a muddy bottom, and so has the Sea of Azof adjoining. But whereas the large body of water of the Azof sea rests on a clean mud of the ordinary kind, and on sand and pounded shells, the Lake Tchokrak reposes on a mass of black tenacious filth, such as is hardly to be seen anywhere else.

It is so foul that if the finger stir it up the skin is stained and dyed. The thickness of it has never been ascertained, but in the middle it is more than forty feet at any rate. It is loaded with sulphur and bitumen, it is black with iron, it is rich (or foul) with organic matter. It is probably the pool of one of the craters of eruption of a huge mud volcano. It looks like the realization of Acheron and a product of the infernal regions.

There is at Tchokrak a small curative establishment. It is a kind of shanty, containing a dining-room and a kitchen, a few cells, each large enough to hold an exceedingly small bed and one chair, a shed with a few tubs, and a huge caldron to warm water. Outside toward the lake is a long corridor open to the lake, but sheltered by a wooden roof from the sun. It is divided into two parts by a partition, separating the ladies' from the gentlemen's quarter. There are planks enabling the bather to traverse the long slope of slippery mud between the bath-house and the water, and this is very necessary, as there is no foothold, and when wet the mud could not be walked over without falling. Such is the accommodation offered to the ordinary bather.

The baths alone are, no doubt, efficacious, for the water is not only salt, but is very rich in iodide and bromide. But it is the mud that those who resort to this lake chiefly look to. The mud baths, simple as they are, certainly ought to be efficacious. The bath is a box of rough deal, of the shape and size of a coffin. This box is filled with thick hot mud, so nearly dry that the weight of the body will only sink very slightly into it. The patient lies upon it, and an attendant covers him up with a foot of fresh mud, which is firmly compacted around him, so that no part is exposed but the face. All this is done in the open air in a broiling sun. A small pent house is arranged to shade the face, and the patient is left to enjoy himself. He is thus buried alive and parboiled for a period varying from half an hour to an hour and a half. In an atmosphere of stifling heat, redolent of rotten eggs, in a closely fitting case of exceedingly stiff mud, in association perhaps with half a dozen other victims, ranged side by side, close together, he awaits his cure—and surely he deserves it.

When his time is up, and the baked crust of mud is broken, he is found floating. He is then removed to a warm bath, and it is said that he comes out clean. At any rate he is hungry. He has been stewed in his own juices, whatever they may be, and when the meal-time arrives he is enabled to do justice to the food provided. The boxes from which the patients have been taken retain perfectly the whole form of the body, almost as if it had been intended to take a cast from them in plaster of Paris. The mud requires to be removed, and is replaced with a fresh supply the next day.

Such are some of the results of mud volcanoes—results not less extraordinary than the phenomena themselves. Perhaps the strength of the remedy may be necessary to counteract the evil effect of the outrageous trade to which the human constitution is liable, owing to the singular habits of the people who live in the part of the world where the Lake of Tchokrak and its mud are not practically inaccessible.

THE DOG AND GORILLA.

A SAILOR who had been cast away, and found refuge on an island of the African coast, relates the following incident in his Cruise life:

Moving with far more celerity than at any time since my residence on the island—thanks to the fortunate discovery of shoes in the sailor's chest—I was not long ere my steps were directed to the mouth of a gully by which I had left the more fertile and pleasant part of the island. My dog kept gamboling around me, with all the delight usually manifested by this creature when visiting new places. Every now and then, however, it would dash off at headlong speed, disappear, and, returning after a long absence, look up at me with an air of quiet satisfaction, the explanation of which did not occur to me at first. An examination, however, of its mouth presently elucidated the mystery.

It was red with blood.

It had found some small kind of wild beast.

At once the idea flashed across my mind that I might train the powerful animal to hunt game for me, as well as itself. How this plan was carried out will be seen in its proper place.

We had reached the gully and advanced some small distance up its narrow depths, when Tiger halted, spread out his forefeet, sniffed the air, and then gave a low, prolonged howl. Something which instinct told him was an enemy had clearly passed that way. How my gun was clutched with convulsive energy, as I gazed anxiously around, I need not tell. But nothing then meeting my gaze, I again advanced.

I had not proceeded above twenty yards when Tiger gave another low, savage howl, and without paying any attention to my repeated calls, burst away at a rapid pace. Following him up as quick as I could, my eyes fell upon a scene which both disheartened and terrified me.

A huge, hairy-looking man, as I at first thought, but in reality a powerful monkey, was busily engaged in destroying the last few remains of that house which had cost me so much labor and pains to erect. With an activity which was ludicrous in its intensity, it was taking down poles, stakes and thatch piecemeal, examining each one thing with avidity, and then casting it disdainfully from its paws.

Suddenly it turned. It heard the dog. A more hideous monster it is scarcely possible to conceive. My readings had told me of the size, force and ugliness of monkeys, but never did my imagination realize anything like this. Its face, though having, as I thought, something human about it, was puffed, distorted and fearful; its long, unwieldy arms were waved furiously aloft, and then it flew at the dog.

I fired.

Never since the creation of the world, doubtless, had the sudden explosion of a gun been heard on that spot of earth. The effect was wondrous. Reverberating echoes came pealing back from the rocks; birds of every hue and shape, from the gaudy cockatoo to the blue wood-pigeon, and the ocean bird that shrieks, not cries, rose, uttering each their peculiar shrill, piercing, or more pleasant notes; strange jabberings from amid the trees sounded alarmingly, while even from a distance came faint noises, as if the whole island had been shaken to its centre.

But the fierce animal, which I was sure I had hit, stood still, silent, amazed, as if changed into a statue. Then it clapped its two hands upon its breast, as if searching for the wound so mysteriously inflicted, after which it gave a howl, such as sent the terrified dog back several yards in my direction.

But only for a moment. The native courage of its splendid race came to the rescue, and as I, after loading, was running up, it flew savagely at the monkey, and a desperate conflict ensued. The wounded animal, which was young, as I afterward found, and not all full grown, fought with his hands, or rather paws, tearing at the dog's throat, and inflicting fearful scratches. Being now very near, my gun was again leveled, and this time with even more success, for uttering once more its cry, which, though hoarse and loud, was not wholly unhuman, it tore itself away, clambered with great labor a tree close at hand, and disappeared in the rich and profuse foliage.

CAPTURING THIEVES IN CHINA.

THE Chinese have a very summary method of dealing with violators of law and rogues generally. Punishment of offenses with them is pretty certain, and fearfully severe, whether just or not. A traveler among the Chinese relates an incident he witnessed on one occasion, illustrating the danger of disregarding the rights of property. During the progress of a large fire, some thieves entered a building for the purpose of plundering, amid the general confusion. They were observed by the police, who, instead of following and ar-



THE OLD DOG AND YOUNG GORILLA.

resting them, very quietly fastened the door upon them, so that they could not escape, and left them to perish in the burning ruins. There was no trial, no conviction, but being caught in the perpetration of a crime, they were left to suffer the punishment they had dared to brave. Such a disposition of criminals would prove a strong incentive to honesty, or at least a check against improper conduct.

HULL OF THE ARCTIC.

THE Arctic was the vessel in which Dr. Kane voyaged while searching for Sir John Franklin. After that memorable trip, it was used as a light-ship, off Frying-Pan Shoals, its size and strength adapting it for such a purpose. When the war began, it was taken to Wilmington, N. C., and occupied as a receiving ship; but shortly afterward, with other vessels, was sunk in the Cape Fear River, to obstruct the channel and prevent the ascent of our gunboats. It has lately been raised, and now floats on the river an object of curiosity, on account of the noble service it has performed.

AN AFRICAN FIDDLE.

SAVAGE nations, however rude, are usually fond of music, and though their instruments are simple, they subserve their purpose and afford a high degree of gratification.

The accompanying illustration represents a fiddle, quite common among the tribes of the interior visited by Dr. Livingstone. It would hardly find a place in a modern orchestra, but played by the natives, gives a melodious though monotonous sound.



HOW THIEVES ARE CAPTURED IN CHINA.

ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

SOME years since a whale-ship was wrecked in the Pacific, all of whose crew perished except four, who made their escape on a raft. They floated about for some time in safety, when a new peril threatened them with instant destruction.

As they were gazing listlessly over the water they saw a pilot-fish approaching their frail structure, followed by two immense sharks. Almost in a moment the foremost of the two sharks was seen to lash the water with its broad, forked tail, and then, coming on with a rush, it struck the raft with such force as nearly to capsize it. The other shark shot forward in a similar manner; but, glancing a little to one side, caught in the huge mouth the end of one of the raft spars, grinding off a large piece of it as if it had been cork. This it swallowed almost instantaneously, and then, turning once more in the water, appeared intent upon renewing the attack. The sailors stood ready to receive the second charge. It was made on the instant. The shark, coming on with the velocity of an arrow, sprang clear above the surface, projecting its hideous jaws over the edge of the raft. One of the sailors, throwing his arm around the mast in order to steady himself, with an ax struck outward and downward with all his might. The blow fell right upon the snout of the shark, cleaving the flesh to the depth of several inches, and laying it open to the bone.

A companion succeeded in keeping off the other antagonist. Striking out wildly with a handspike, he thrust the end of the implement between the jaws of the monster, just as it raised its head over the raft, with its mouth wide open. The shark, seizing the handspike in its treble row of teeth, drew it out of the man's hands, and then, rushing through the water, was seen grinding the timber

concealed; he looked with great care over the turf wall into the field, and seemed to long very much to get hold of some rabbits that were feeding in it, but apparently knew that he had no chance of catching one by dint of running. After considering a short time he seemed to have formed his plans, and having examined the different gaps in the wall by which the rabbits might be supposed to go in and out, he fixed upon the one that seemed the most frequented, and laid himself close down to it in an attitude like a cat watching a mouse-hole. Cunning as he was, he was too intent on his own hunting to be aware that I was within twenty yards of him with a loaded rifle, and able to watch every movement he made. I was much amazed to see the fellow so completely outwitted, and kept my rifle ready to shoot him if he found me out and attempted to escape. In the meantime I watched all his plans. He first, with great silence and care, scraped a small hollow in the ground, throwing up the sand as a kind of screen. Every now and then, however, he stopped to listen, and sometimes to take a most cautious peep into the field. When he had done this he laid himself down in a convenient posture for springing upon his prey, and remained perfectly motionless, with the exception of an occasional reconnoitre of the feeding rabbits. When the sun began to rise they came one by one from the field to the plantation; three had already come in without passing by his ambush. One of them came within twenty yards of him, but he made no movement beyond crouching still more flatly to the ground. Presently two came directly toward him; though he did not venture to look up, I saw by an involuntary motion of his ears that those quick organs had already warned him of their approach. The two rabbits came through the gap together, and the fox, springing with the quickness of lightning, caught one and killed her immediately. He then lifted up his booty and was carrying it off like a retriever, when my rifle-ball stopped his course by passing through his back-bone, and I went up and dispatched him.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

A Country Lawyer's Story.

ONE bright morning in the month of May, our usually quiet village (in the State of Pennsylvania) was thrown into a state of wild excitement by the intelligence that Laura Downing had been murdered. Her lifeless body had been found upon the bank of the large pond, with a bullet-hole through the head. The ball had entered between the eyes, and had passed entirely through the brain; and the empty pistol was found by her side.

It may be asked, Who was Laura Downing?

She was an orphan, and had been generally beloved by all who knew her. Her father—a poor, hard-working man—had been dead a number of years; and during the past five or six years, Laura had worked as she could find opportunity to support an invalid mother; but only a few months before the time of which I write that mother had died, and Laura had lived all alone in the little cot which had been her home since she was born—a period, according to the parish register, of nineteen years.

The coroner came, and summoned a jury, and called such witnesses as he could find; and after due examination and deliberation, a verdict was rendered, to the effect that Laura Downing had come to her death by means of a bullet discharged from a pistol; and they believed that said pistol had been in the hands of Oliver Cartwright at the time it was thus fatally discharged.

Oliver Cartwright was arrested; and when the case came before the grand jury, they found a true bill against him—a bill accusing him of the murder of Laura Downing—and he was committed to the county jail for trial.

And who was Oliver Cartwright?

He was a young man, of four-and-twenty years of age, who had been born and brought up in the village, and who had sustained a fair reputation for honesty and sobriety; though he had never been regarded as a very bright or promising youth. His parents had both been intemperate; but they had been dead some years, and Oliver had been at work at the blacksmith's trade, and had lived with the man for whom he worked. Between young Cartwright and Laura there had not only been a strong intimacy, but there had evidently been at one time an engagement of marriage. This engagement, as appeared in evidence before the coroner, had been broken off by the girl during the previous winter, and since that time Oliver had been morose and dejected. A young man named Daniel Severance, who had come into the village to assist in erecting a new paper mill, had been very attentive to Laura, and the general impression was that she had left the old love for the new one.

Oliver Cartwright had the privilege of selecting his own counsel, and he sent for me. I was sorry that he did so; for I had heard so much of the evidence against him that I not only believed him guilty of the crime, but I could conceive of no possible line of defense. Still, I could not refuse to go to him in his season of trouble.

I found him as weak and wailing as a suffering child. He seemed entirely broken down; and the turnkey told me that he wept more than half the time. As I sat down by his side, he seemed to read every thought that was passing within me; for, after having looked into my face a few moments, he caught one of my hands in his own, and cried out, in eager tones:

"Oh, sir, I have not suffered this in memory of any crime; for, as true as heaven, I never did harm to Laura! I would die for her now; and I suffer because I have lost her! Oh, save me if you can!—not from death—no, no! for I would rather die than live—but save me from this horrible suspicion! I did not kill her—I did not harm her! I never so much as touched a hair of her head with cruel thought!"

"Who could have killed her?" I asked. "You do not think she killed herself?"

"No," he replied, quickly, his eyes flashing, and his fingers tearing into the bosom of his shirt. "I think Daniel Severance killed her. I left her by the pond—left her alive and well—and pres-



THE AMBUSH.]

time telling her that you had bought it on purpose to shoot her with."

Cartwright did not deny it; but he said that he never meant her harm—he only meant to frighten her away from a bad man.

"It will furthermore be given in evidence," I continued, "that on the evening of Miss Downing's

And even this the prisoner did not deny. He only said that he was still trying to frighten Laura into obedience to his wishes.

"But," said I, "the pistol which was found by the dead girl's side has been recognized as your own."

"That may be," replied Cartwright; "for when

heaven, my hands are clean! Daniel Severance must have found my pistol, and it was he that killed Laura."

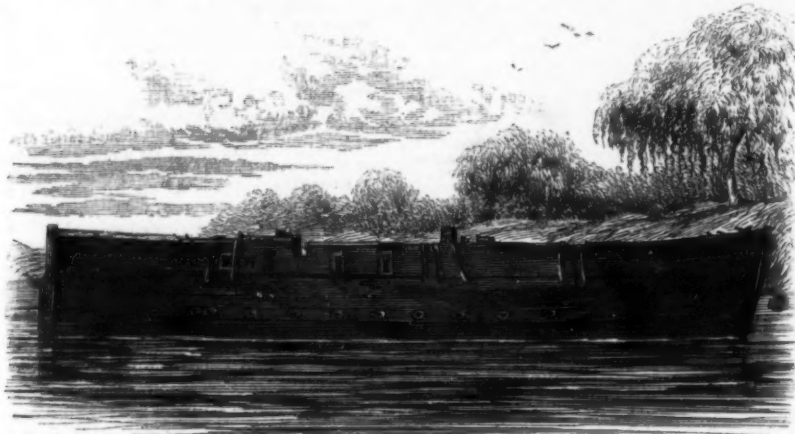
Such was the substance of all that I could gain from my client, and I must say that I really thought him insane; and I tried hard to get him to acknowledge the deed, and allow me to set up the plea of insanity, but he would consent to no such thing. The solemnity of his assurance, and the unmistakable love which he still held for the dead girl, staggered my belief in his guilt exceedingly. There was no variation in his manner of speech at all—nothing in which I could detect the slightest outward sign of falsehood.

Finally, I called in two physicians, and they both agreed that they would willingly testify under oath that they did not consider him of sound mind; and in their presence I urged him once more to confess to the killing, and I would save him, at least, from the extreme penalty of the law.

"Oh, heaven!" he cried, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "if I thought there was one drop of that dear girl's blood upon my hands, I would kill myself in a moment! I never did her harm—never!"

When we went out of the cell, both the physicians expressed their opinion that the young man was insane; and I determined, let come what would, that I would base the defense upon that plea. The idea of defending him against the murder was not to be thought of. The evidence was too strong. In fact, there did not seem to be a link in the chain wanting.

At first I had based some hopes upon the fact that Daniel Severance had not been seen since the evening of the girl's death; but his absence was easily accounted for. He had finished the work he had come to do; he had been paid in full for his labor; and he had gone out to the pond to meet Laura Downing for the last time on that evening, as he was to take the early train on the following morning. Even Oliver Cartwright admitted that he had so understood it. And there could be nothing strange or suspicious in the fact that we could learn nothing of Severance's present whereabouts, because his employers only knew that he belonged to some part of Virginia, and they knew he was going in that direction to assist in putting up a flour-mill; but as far as the whereabouts of the said mill was concerned, they had



HULL OF DR. KANE'S SHIP, THE ARCTIC.

ently afterward I saw that bad man come out from the bushes, and she took his arm, and they walked away by the edge of the water."

Cartwright's words and manner had a powerful effect upon me. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have said that he was speaking the truth; but there was much strong evidence to be disposed of before I could see my way clear to believe him now. I could not help sympathizing with him; and I was willing to believe that if he had done the deed, it must have been under a state of mind which would give good grounds for setting up a defense of insanity. But when I spoke to him of this he was pained beyond measure, and refused to listen to the proposition for a moment.

I then proceeded to detail to him the circumstances which would be brought up in evidence.

"First," said I, "it will be sworn to by several reliable witnesses, that you have, at various times, been heard to threaten Laura Downing with dire personal injury, if you saw her again in the company of Daniel Severance."

"That is true," replied the prisoner; but I only did it to frighten her, and I meant to frighten her for her good; for I did not believe that Daniel Severance was an honest man."

"It will be also sworn to that you once exhibited a pistol, at the same

death you followed her out to the pond, where you again threatened her."

"Yes," he replied; "I knew she was going to meet Daniel Severance."

"You were seen to have a pistol in your hand on that occasion, and you were heard to take an oath that you would shoot her if she did not return with you. Mr. Nichol's boy, who was driving home his cows, was close by when you made the fearful threat."

I found that Laura spurned me, and would not listen, I sank upon my knees and prayed to her. I dropped my pistol upon the bank at that time, and I know that I did not pick it up again. She turned and left me upon my knees, and there I remained until I saw Severance join her; they disappeared together, and then, broken-hearted and forlorn, I crawled home, and people thought, because they found me in such torturing agony, that there was blood upon my hands. But, before

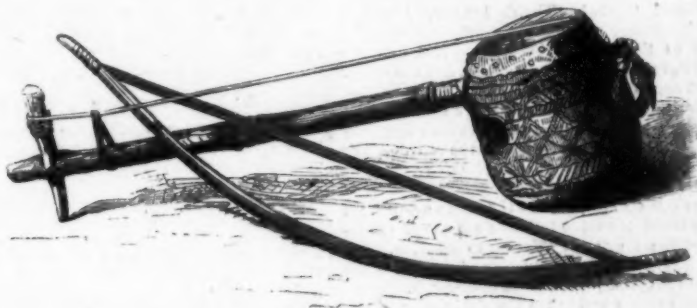
never thought to inquire of him. I might make some handle of the absence of this man; but I could place no dependence upon it, because the men who owned the paper-mill would give such testimony as would satisfy the jury that no suspicion could be legitimately attached to it.

The day of the trial at length came, and, as might be supposed, the court was crowded. The prisoner, pale and wan, and wearing an expression of deepest sorrow, stood up and heard the indictment read, and when he was asked to answer to it, he replied, in a voice that thrilled every one with its deep intensity of feeling:

"Before heaven, I am not guilty!"

The trial commenced, and the evidence for the prosecution was given as I have already explained, only, if possible, it was more positive and crushing than I had anticipated. In short, the chain that connected the prisoner with the killing of the girl was so strong and so intact in all its parts, that I could not hope to break it.

I opened the defense by proving that my client had always been a quiet, inoffensive, industrious person; and that there was no possible circumstance in his life, previous to that under consideration, that could lead any one to suppose him capable of committing a great crime. I made allusion to the absence of Daniel Severance, and urged that the said absence took from the chain



AFRICAN FIDDLE OF ONE STRING.



ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

of evidence a most important link, because I had every reason to believe that he was the last person seen with Laura Downing while she was alive.

After this I came upon the mainstay of my defense. I called upon the two physicians who had visited and examined my client during his imprisonment; and they unhesitatingly pronounced the prisoner of unsound mind.

The prosecution brought in no testimony to rebut the evidence touching the prisoner's insanity, though the district attorney made a decided onslaught upon it in his closing speech; but they did bring in testimony to rebut the idea that Daniel Severance had been the last man seen with Laura Downing while she was alive. A Mr. Angers, a respectable mechanic, belonging in the place, testified that just at dark, on the evening of the murder, he saw Severance at the railroad station, some three miles distant from the village, and that he spoke with him on that occasion. He (Angers) was on horseback, and was then on his way home; and as he passed near the pond, some fifteen minutes after having left Severance at the station, he saw Laura Downing standing upon the shore.

This piece of evidence introduced a new element, and I was not slow to urge that Laura Downing might have killed herself; and if I could only have found a single witness who could have testified to the return of my client to his home before dusk on that fatal evening, I might have made a saving point here; but I had no such witness, and I was forced to base my hopes on the plea of insanity.

The judge was very fair in his charge. The jury went out, and I felt sure that they would return a verdict against my client, but I did not think they would bring him in guilty of murder. And yet I was not satisfied with the result of my effort. As I cast my eyes upon the prisoner I was deeply moved by the expression of utter anguish that rested upon his thin, pale face. It was not the anguish of fear, but it was such as results from sorrow and sadness of soul. Could I have known in season of the testimony which Mr. Angers was to give, I might have taken a different course.

The jury had been out about ten minutes, when a disturbance occurred in the passage leading to the outer hall, and in a moment more a female rushed into the court. She stopped for an instant as she reached the dock, and when her eye rested upon the prisoner she started toward him. He was quickly upon his feet, and as he leaned forward over the iron rail she threw her arms about his neck.

"Oliver! Oliver! Thank heaven, I am in time!"

And as these words burst from her lips she would have sunk to the floor had not the officer caught her in his arms.

Oliver Cartwright did not utter a syllable. He stood for a moment gazing upon the fainting form that rested within the arms of the warder, and then sank down, mute and senseless.

"It is Laura Downing!"

Some one said so; and as the name was caught by the multitude there followed a scene of excitement which I will not attempt to describe. But order was at length restored, and an officer was sent to bring the jury back to their seats.

By this time I had taken the girl in charge, and with the assistance of my medical friends she was soon restored to consciousness.

Laura Downing herself certainly stood before us—the same Laura Downing who, according to the best belief of all present, save herself, and according to the solemn verdict of an intelligent coroner's jury, had been dead several weeks. But she had not come alone. Two men had come with her, one of whom was immediately recognized by our physicians as Dr. Charles Crawford, the able superintendent of the insane asylum at Crawfordville.

As soon as Laura discovered that I was the prisoner's friend and counsel, she asked that she might be suffered to go and speak to Oliver. I led her to the spot; she sat down by his side and whispered something in his ear. He seemed to be trying to contain himself, but the effort was vain; he rested his head upon her bosom, and cried like a child.

Laura Downing's story, when she finally obeyed the call of the court, was this:

On the morning when Oliver Cartwright had followed her down to the pond, she had planned to go away with Daniel Severance. She said she knew that Oliver never meant to marry her; and that when he threw his pistol away, and sank upon his knees before her, she came near giving up her wild and wicked scheme; but the tempter prevailed, and she tore herself away from one whom she had loved so long. She went with Severance, and on their way to the railway-station they met a young woman who resembled herself so remarkably that her companion declared that he should take them for twin sisters.

"This female," continued Laura, "not only resembled me in person, but, by a curious coincidence, she had on a dress of the same pattern as my own. Severance spoke to her; but instead of answering him, she threw up her hands with a wild scream, and ran from us toward the pond."

Laura then went on to say that she had gone on to New York with Daniel Severance, where she had found him to be a villain. He did not mean to make her his wife as he had promised, and she fled from him.

She stopped here, and turned toward Oliver. Then she swept her gaze over the multitude, and, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, she said in tones that carried conviction to every honorable mind:

"I had been guilty of much—guilty of trifling and of deceit—but, as I hope for heaven hereafter, I have been guilty of nothing that true repentance may not wash away!"

She turned again to Oliver Cartwright, and this time she rested upon his bosom, and he mur-

mured thanks to heaven as he clasped his arm about her.

At this point Dr. Crawford came forward and said he thought he could clear up the mystery as soon as the clothing came for which he had sent.

Meanwhile, the jury were instructed anew by the judge, and their verdict was very quickly rendered.

Ere long a man came in with the clothes which had been taken from the dead body that had been found by the pond; and when Dr. Crawford had examined the linen, he recognized it as having belonged to a former patient of his.

"She was a young girl," he said, "and very intelligent; but her mind had been turned by religious excitement, and she fancied that the second advent of our Saviour had come while she slept, and that she elect had all been taken up into heaven, leaving her behind. In this frame of mind she sought to take her own life, and to prevent that catastrophe, and also to effect a cure, if possible, she was sent to our asylum. She had been there only two weeks when she managed to escape. We searched for her far and near; and the day before yesterday, as I was on my way home, I met this young lady in the train. At first I supposed I had found my patient, and I had been engaged in conversation with her some minutes before I discovered my mistake. When I had satisfied myself that I had been mistaken, I told Miss Downing of the circumstance; and when I had related to her the story of the unfortunate girl of whom I had been in search, she told me of the girl she had seen some weeks before in her native place. She was on her way home, she told me; and, under the circumstances, I felt it my duty to accompany her. I found her anxious and uneasy, and when she explained to me that she had seen an account of her own death in a newspaper, and that Oliver Cartwright had been accused of her murder, I suspected the truth."

And his suspicions had not led him far astray. The poor, crazy girl, had evidently found the pistol which Oliver had thrown away, and had shot herself, thus accomplishing the cherished purpose of the insane spirit that possessed her. The disfiguring of the face, caused by the wound between the eyes, and burning of the skin by the powder, had prevented Laura's nearest friends from discovering the mistake.

And so ended the trial. As for Oliver Cartwright, no one has pretended to question his sanity since; and to-day he is one of the most worthy and valuable of our citizens; and I dare to say that she that was Julia Downing has been to him a most faithful and affectionate wife. I am a frequent and welcome visitor in their peaceful and happy home, and surely I ought to be able to judge.

A BALLOON ROMANCE.

For some years after the invention of balloons by the brothers Montgolfier, aerostatic amusements formed an invariable feature in the public fêtes at Paris, the management of this portion of the programme being invariably entrusted to Garnerin, the celebrated aeronaut, whose enthusiasm for ballooning led him continually to devise novel exhibitions of this kind. The last of the occasions on which Garnerin officiated in this way was attended by circumstances so curious that it was long remembered by the French people. It was on the day of the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon, who had placed at the disposal of Garnerin a sum of six thousand dollars to defray the expense of constructing a balloon of colossal dimensions, to be launched into the air, but without conveying any persons in the car. Accordingly, on the 16th of December in that year, at eleven o'clock at night, and at the moment when a grand display of fireworks came to his aid, the balloon constructed by Garnerin rose from the appointed spot in the Place Notre Dame. Three thousand colored lamps illuminated the globe, which was surmounted by an imperial crown, richly gilt. The immense structure rose majestically from the entrance of the cathedral of Notre Dame, in which the imposing ceremony of the coronation had that day taken place, and, rising far above its venerable towers, rapidly disappeared, amidst the applause of the Parisian populace. Where the great balloon, left to pursue its own way, would finally alight was a subject of speculation with the idlers in the throng; but it was not until many days later that intelligence was received of its strange career.

It was then learnt that a little before daybreak, after the spectacle in Paris, some inhabitants of Rome had perceived a small luminous object shining in the heavens, above the cupola of St. Peter's and the Vatican. At first scarcely visible, it increased rapidly, and finally a huge illuminated globe was seen hovering majestically over the seven-hilled city. It remained some time as if stationary, when a slight wind springing up again, it moved away and disappeared in the direction of the south. This was the great balloon of Garnerin. While the unfortunate Pope had been carried off to Paris to submit to the humiliation of crowning the successful soldier of the Republic, the huge balloon, which bore the news of the ceremony, had, by a singular chance, been carried by the wind in the direction of Italy, and had actually crossed the city of Rome only a few hours after its ascent.

The superstitious might well read in this strange event good or bad omens, according to their bias; but other facts, scarcely less singular, marked the conclusion of this balloon romance. The great construction continued its way, but soon descended to earth, and continued again more than once, finally falling upon the waters of the Lake Bracciano. The people hastened to draw the huge machine out of the water and read the inscription which told its history. Thus Garnerin's balloon, visiting within a few hours these two far-distant capitals, announced at Rome the coronation of the Emperor, and at the moment when the Pope was in Paris and while Napoleon was preparing to place upon his head the crown of Italy. Interpreted by the new court of the Emperor, such facts might have been construed as of happy augury; but they were attended by circumstances which rendered the whole affair far from pleasing to Napoleon. It happened that, in touching the ground in the Campagna Romana, the cords of the balloon became entangled for a while in the ruins of an antique monument. For a few moments it appeared as if its course must terminate here; but the wind having suddenly lifted it again, it once more tore away, leaving nothing behind but a portion of the representation of the imperial crown, which was found hanging, tattered and soiled, to an angle of the monument. This monument was no other than the ancient tomb of Nero.

It may be supposed that this latter fact gave rise, both among the superstitious people of Italy and their more enlightened neighbors, to all kinds of reflections and comments. Many dissatisfied persons did not scruple to make sinister allusions to that imperial crown, the gaudy image of which had been torn to pieces on the tomb of the famous tyrant of ancient times. All these things finally came to the ears of Napoleon, who did not conceal his annoyance and ill-humor. He forbade any one to speak to him again of Garnerin or his balloons; and from that day the unfortunate aeronaut ceased to be employed.

WHY IS OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT SO BAD?

We profess to value free institutions, and to maintain their principles in both our local and State governments. In both the people are supposed to elect their public servants by a perfectly free expression of their preferences at the polls. Generally speaking, our system of government by the people works well. Our national and State elections usually secure satisfactory results in good laws and honest and wise rulers, and both nation and State are, in the main, well governed. But in this city we fail. Its government is recklessly extravagant, incompetent and corrupt, and for the last thirty years it has been steadily growing worse and worse. What is the explanation of this undeniable fact? Cannot cities be governed on democratic and free principles as well as States or nations? Undoubtedly they can; and it is because we have departed from government by the people, and substituted government by an oligarchy of political managers, that all our trouble and misrule have arisen. For many years the people have had little or no voice or influence in the election of municipal officers, or in the laws by which we are governed. A few political managers control the whole thing. They parcel out the offices, nominate the candidates, control the ballot-box, and while they keep up the forms of elections year after year, the results are made as certain as if they alone appointed the various officers. The many millions of taxes annually handled by these men, the immense patronage at their disposal, and the vast body of employees dependent upon them, are all wielded in furtherance of their purposes, so that the government once in their hands, it is easily kept, and too profitable to be parted with. They claim to act for the party and the triumph of its principles, and thus carry with them the ignorant masses, who are charmed by the name of the party, and with the aid of roughs at the ballot-box, and spurious votes, and the throng of their paid hangers-on, they carry every election in spite of the feeble opposition of the better classes who can be induced to attend a charter election. In the nature of things, a government like this, based entirely on selfish and corrupt principles, and maintained by the vilest arts of political trickery, must wax worse and worse from year to year, as long as the tax-payers and honest citizens generally quietly submit. The men who live by the distresses and sufferings of others are like the horse-leech of the Scriptures—insatiable, and ever multiplying in numbers and in unscrupulous arts for fleecing the public. Extortions and bargains which they hardly dared suggest one year are unblushingly carried into effect the next. Just so long as the people will bear it, these men will venture upon bolder and more iniquitous means of enriching themselves. Ten years ago our Common Council would not have dared to bind the city, hand and foot, for twenty years, in an exorbitant contract for gas, nor would they have ventured to contract for rooms, not worth \$5,000, at \$18,000 a year, for ten years, and this, too, while the new court-house is soon to be ready for the very use these rooms are applied to. But now they openly, unblushingly commit these crimes, showing that they are capable of any enormity which the public will submit to.

Such daring corruptions must find a limit somewhere and before long, or our city will be a vast ruin. The tendency of such deeds is to drive our tax-payers to desperate resistance and revolution, unless peaceable, rational reform, such as the Citizens' Association is carrying into effect, shall be made successful by the earnest and prompt co-operation of all good citizens.

How long will the friends of order, peace and good government sit quietly and see this noble city despoiled and disgraced by a banded conspiracy of corrupt men, who openly rob the people of millions every year, and sell the coming generation to anybody who will pay their price for the privilege of plundering our children twenty years hence?

THE PRUSSIAN PEOPLE.

We have had several occasions of expressing our satisfaction over the sudden rise of Prussia to be the first power in Europe. The sterling character of her people, their morality, intelligence, moderation, industry and thrift, to say nothing of their freedom from religious bigotry and intolerance, point them out, in the interest of civilization, as the people who ought to lead in Europe, instead of the fickle, shallow, meddlesome, and overbearing French, who have been described as being made up of the peacock, the goat, and the tiger, combining the vanity of the first, the salaciousness of the second, and the blood-thirstiness of the third. A recent traveler tells us something about the common people of Prussia and their modes of life, which, at the moment, is especially interesting. The relations between the rich and the poor are not characterized, as they too often are in other countries, by arrogance and assumption on one side, and envy and servility on the other. It is about the only country in Europe where the landlord and peasant live together in perfect amity. Some communes contain one large estate, several peasants and also cottagers, all freeholders. Generally, however, you will pass alternately from a large estate into a village of peasants as you travel across the country, and the small owner can watch and imitate the progress of his richer and more intelligent neighbor, and will do so, when the superior crops of the latter have taught him that it is folly to remain in stubborn adherence to the habits of his father. The peasant, however large his holding, lives on it, and lives with his workpeople; and if the landlord has two estates, he puts a relative or factor to live on one. In either case the owner cultivates, letting being comparatively rare.

"Let us look at a Prussian estate and village. They average perhaps one hundred inhabitants. The houses are one-storied, highly gabled, with much loft room, built either of a wooden frame, filled in with clay and thatched, or, in later times, of brick and tiles. They are built for two families, and have either a common entrance and kitchen, with separate hearth, or both separate, with a dwelling-room, a bed-room, and a storeroom. They are, as a rule, quite as lofty as the rooms in six or eight-roomed London houses; walls in and outside whitewashed. Between the houses are, at a small distance, the stables; behind them a small yard and a pretty large garden. Man and wife sleep in the dwelling-room, the babies in a cradle; the children in the one bed-room; sometimes these laborers have a servant, who also sleeps with the children—never more than five in one bed. You will find a deal of oak table; behind it, along the wall, a bench, and about the room a number of wooden or reed chairs, all scrupulously scoured, if not painted. You will see somewhere a huge coffer, containing linen and clothes; a cabinet holding food; on the wall a clock; and often other articles of furniture. The stables contain a cow, one or two pigs for killing in autumn, a goose, which will breed them from ten to twelve young ones, which are ready for killing in October, and half-a-dozen to a dozen hens furnishing eggs and brooding chickens. The garden at the back yields potatoes, turnips, carrots, and greens enough for the summer's consumption. Cows and geese, during the summer, sent to graze, whilst pigs and hens are fed at home with household waste and some ground corn, the pigs being fattened on pease toward killing time. The geese get fat on the ears in the field after harvest, and a little extra barley feeding. For the wants of the winter, there is a plot of ground given each laborer in the field for potatoes, and a plot for flax, as also a plot for meadow hay for the cow, straw being furnished from the farm as wanted. For firing, wood and turf are used. The latter is found on almost all estates, or if the former is

wanted, it must be brought from the next forest. All carting of these things is done by the landlord's wagons.

"The laborer is bound to work all the year round for the landlord; his wife (or, if she is unable to work, a female servant) a large number of days in the year. They receive wages, settled monthly, under deduction of a certain number of days for rent of cottages and all the benefits enumerated above. As for grain, the men get a per-centage of what they thresh in winter in lieu of wages. This protects them in dearth from high prices; they earn generally more than they want, having some for sale, unless the families are large. Work may be considered to last from sunrise to sunset—somewhat less in summer and somewhat more in winter—with one or two hours' rest for dinner. But there are always odd hours, after finishing work in one field, when it is not worth the landlord's while to go to another task, and then the laborer is left to look after his own garden, potatoes, flax, hay, and hemp. The men smoke the room quite blue, but you hardly ever see spirits, beer, or any other drink. I remember that the inns, thirty or fifty years ago always full of drinking villagers, gradually became deserted by them, and were only used periodically by the young people for dancing and offering traveling peddlers and artisans a resting-place; many vanished altogether.

"All children visit school from their sixth year, and continue till their fourteenth year, in winter from eight to eleven and one to four, in summer from six to ten o'clock, with fourteen days' vacancy in harvest time, fourteen days in October for potato-digging, and about a week for the Christmas, Easter and Whitsun holidays—during which time, however, the children have to learn by heart some hymns and Bible chapters, and, besides, they have writing and arithmetic to do. The schoolmasters are all trained in Government seminaries, bringing a respectable amount of information there to enable them to pass their examination on entering. No commune can appoint a schoolmaster unless he is so trained; but it has to keep and pay him, Government no longer interfering, except by an annual inspection and examination by a Government commissioner traveling all over the country. The laborer pays but little for schooling, and all the same rate, whether they send one child to school or half-a-dozen. The chief support of the school must come from the landlord; but in most cases there is land attached to schools as well as to the parsonage. Altogether, the learning and trouble of a schoolmaster is but ill-requited in many cases, although there is always a pressure to enter the profession. The schoolmaster has the children, boys and girls, on separate benches. They learn reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography; some drawing, and mathematics, and natural history; much singing and religious doctrine, besides Bible history and catechism."

The young people generally go up to the "court," or landlord's house, where twenty people will be living, whence, as they reach twenty-five or thereabouts, they marry off, to settle on the estate or a neighboring one. The laborer is well cared for, and rarely leaves the estate, and dresses and lives exactly like the small freeholder. "A Prussian laborer is no property of his landlord, and will not grovel before him in the dust, but stand up and speak to him like a man; yet he will pay him hearty respect, will do his duty cheerfully, and, for some reason, they wish to part, it is generally done after mutual explanation and without rancor." The cause of this comfort seems to be the universal education, which enables landlord and laborer to understand one another, the absence of any habit of drinking, and the existence of a tenure under which land can be sold like a watch; and land, though rarely divided, is not bequeathed to one. If the owner dies intestate, the wife gets it; if she is dead, the son who bids most has it; but the system is for the father to come to an understanding with his family, and bequeath the estate to the son who needs it most, burdened with such charges as seem to him and his family fair and equitable.

ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK.

In his youth the Count was a gay student, very popular with his associates on account of his good humor. The old men of Göttingen still remember this "tall young man" who played them so many practical jokes. The story of Bismarck's bootmaker has become famous in the annals of the university. It is thus related:

Young Bismarck having been invited to a soirée, where he was to dance with the prettiest girls in Göttingen, had ordered a pair of patent-leather boots for the occasion. As the day approached the young student became uneasy.

"You will not have your boots," said his comrades. "But I will have them," answered the future Minister.

On the eve of the great day Bismarck entered the shop and asked for his boots.

"Monsieur," said the tradesman, "I am in despair; but I have so many orders for the ball to-morrow—"

"Ah! that is it," said the student. Very well—we shall see."

He went out, but at the end of half an hour returned, with two of those enormous dogs which the German students are accustomed to keep at the expense of their messes.

"Monsieur," said Bismarck, "you see these dogs?"

"Yes."

"Very well! I swear they will tear you into five hundred thousand pieces unless I have my boots by to-morrow evening."

He went out—but from hour to hour a porter, hired for the purpose, would stop before the bootmaker's shop and cry out in lugubrious tones:

"Unhappy man! forget not Monsieur de Bismarck's boots!"

The bootmaker had only that night to finish the articles required of him by this singular ultimatum. At ten o'clock he closed his shop, and said to his wife with a sigh:

"Let us go! We must sleep."

All of a sudden, in the middle of the night, he hears the barking of the horrible dogs, and the voice of young Bismarck, crying in the street:

"Bootmaker of my soul, thy life is in danger. Think of thy family!"

The next day the student had his patent-leather boots, and danced like a madman.

The same reckless determination and unscrupulous audacity in carrying his point appear in the character of the student of Göttingen and the statesman of Berlin.

SELF-DRAWN.—Cervantes, the author of Don

Quixote, thus drew his own portrait in pen and ink: This person whom you see here, with an oval visage, chestnut hair, smooth open forehead, lively eyes, a hooked but well-proportioned nose, a silvery beard that, twenty years ago, was golden; large moustaches, a small mouth, teeth not much to speak of, for he has but six, all in bad condition and worse placed, no two of them corresponding to each other; a figure between the two extremes, neither tall nor short; a vivid complexion, rather fair than dark; somewhat stooped in shoulders, and not very light-footed—this, I say, is the author of "Galatea," "Don Quixote de la Mancha,"

commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. He was for many years a soldier, and for five years and a half in captivity, where he learned to have patience in adversity. He lost his left hand by a musket-shot in the battle of Lepanto, and ugly as this wound may appear, he regards it as beautiful, having received it on the most memorable and sublime occasion which past times have ever seen, or future times can hope to equal, fighting under the victorious banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V., of blessed memory.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"Oh, Mr. Grubbs!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?"

"No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor. "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket."

Stopping at a village inn, there came a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached a perfection in those meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander:

"Why, you have very heavy thunder here."

"Well, yes," replied the man, "we do, considering the number of inhabitants."

WHAT is the difference between a honeymoon and a honeymoon? A honeymoon consists of a number of small "cells," and a honeymoon consists of one great "cell."

A YOUNG widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband.

"Oh, la!" said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

THE man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a mountain.

A HAUNTED house is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extraordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

A PHYSICIAN ordered one of his patients to drink Seidlitz's waters. The man made up a very face at the suggestion. "It is only the first glass that is unpleasant," said the doctor.

"To y well, then," answered the sick man, "I'll only drink the second."

"JIM, why is it that a musician's strains are always heard so much less distinctly when he plays alone, than when in a band?"

"Why, I didn't know that it was so. Suppose it must be because he plays so-lo."

"I wish to procure the Biography of Pollock," said a student to a bookseller. "Can you inform me where I can obtain it?"

"I cannot, sir; but I dare say you will find it in the course of time."

A MILEMAN sometimes resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great profit (profit) out of the water.

ARTISTS have adopted different emblems of charity. We wonder none of them ever thought of a piece of India-rubber, which gives more than any other substance.

"Now, THEN, my hearties," said a gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone, then run! I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

A LAD applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said:

"If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to the rope."

"I can do it," he readily replied; "here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third," and he threw it overboard.

An elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard, in the college building, the other day, started the bystanders by exclaiming: "La! Sally, how white he was!"

A GENTLEMAN having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it.

"And what," said the gentleman, smiling, "shall I do with the earth which I dig up from it?"

To which the steward, with great gravity, replied:

"Have the pit large enough to hold all."

AN Irishman was asked what was his religious belief.

"Is it me belaf ye'd be askin' about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings, and she believes I'll never pay her; and faith, that's my belaf, too."

"THE ORGAN MANUAL."—As no church is properly furnished that has not an organ, it becomes a matter of importance to know something of that instrument, where it can be purchased to the best advantage, how it can be kept in order, and what are its capabilities. All this information is contained in a neat little book published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and furnished at the small price of seventy-five cents. It is a complete guide manual, and should be in the hands of every organist who wishes to have a thorough knowledge of his duties and is willing to adorn his profession.

"THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE DAYS WE LIVE IN," by Mrs. Gore; F. A. Brady, New York, publisher. This is another of Mr. Brady's excellent reprints. Mrs. Gore is a writer always lively, and frequently exciting. No one gives us a better insight into the world of conventionality than the brilliant authoress of "The Dean's Daughter."

THE SCULPTOR'S FIRST LOVE.—In the story of Canova's earliest love—if a juvenile and vague affection may be so termed—there was something of a romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded, with purple coloring, his future musings. While pursuing his studies in Paris, he came, on first arriving at Venice, he one day beheld a female, some what older than himself and very beautiful, enter the gallery, accompanied by a friend or attendant, who, daily departing, soon after returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other; and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select as model a such subjects as brought him nearest the fair artist. The time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom thus penetrated with new, delicious, but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he was ed to be near her, or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely countenance—so pale, delicate, yet so full of feeling—nor could he tell why the furtive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be for ever happy, although incapable of defining his idea of that happiness. One day the object of his silent adoration was absent—another and another passed; still she did not appear. Antonio was inconsolable; but he shrank from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secret of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was indefatigable in study. At length the attendant again appeared—alone, and habited in deep mourning. The heart of the youth failed at the sight; but summoning courage as she passed, in departing with a portfolio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. "La Signora Julia," replied she, bursting into tears, "is dead!" No more was asked, and nothing more was said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained on his memory.

SHUTTING UP THE ROYAL MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—The war in Europe is likely to produce a scarcity of candidates for royal marriages, and this class of personages will suffer greatly. Where are the kings, the queens, the princes, and the princesses of the rest of Europe to find a sufficiency of eligible candidates for their hands as wives and husbands? Already the supply is barely equal to the demand, and with the new-fangled notions about our common flesh and blood as applied both to princesses and workingmen, it is hard to imagine what will be the consequences of a large diminution in the number of German royalties. At the present time there are hardly any sovereigns in Europe in which a German prince or princess is not either King or Queen's father-in-law or mother-in-law,

or married to the heir-apparent, or the heir-presumptive, to the crown. It has hitherto, indeed, been the mission of Germany to supply Europe with theology, classical dictionaries, and royal wives, and what is to happen when a dozen more thrones are abolished it is difficult to see. When the various Coburgs, who judiciously keep up a couple of religions in the various branches of their family, so as to be available both for Catholic and Protestant emergencies, have ceased to be themselves royal, the embarrassment will be really serious.

EDUCATION OF THE FINGERS.—Through the fingers half the education of a woman ought to be made. Her delicate and excitable brain refuses to lend itself to any very long-continued or strenuous mental exertion. By brief flashes she receives her ideas; by her quick perception and lively instincts she arrives at truths, to the laborious pursuit of which she is rarely equal. She cannot, like her more robust and less spirited companion, devote the whole of her working hours with impunity to mental toil. The too delicate machinery breaks or hardens under the continuous effort; and if she do not contrive to change her nature and become a regular pedant in petticoats, her nerves and spirits are generally seriously impaired by efforts at little in accordance with her temperament. Let her, therefore, provide herself with abundance of employment for her subtle and pliant fingers, and she will find that, while drawing, or painting, or embroidery, or knitting, or sewing, her spirits will compose, her nerves will settle, her thoughts will arrange themselves, and her intellect will strengthen.

A GOVERNMENT inquiry into the statistics of insane persons throughout France yields the following results: Out of 84,521 persons suffering from insanity, in 358 cases it was due to overwrought brain; 2,549 to domestic troubles; 951, loss of fortune; 808, loss of a dear relative or friend; 620, disappointed ambition; 130, remorse; 233, anger; 81, joy; 836, love; 477, jealousy; 368, pride; 123, political events; 82, sudden change of an active to an inactive life; 116, solitude; 139, solitary confinement; 78, home sickness; 1,095, religion; and 1,628, miscellaneous unclassified causes. Of the above number of insane, 53,000 were in private houses. The expense to the State of those in public establishments was a little over eight million francs.

The Commercial Agency,

37 Park Row & 145 Nassau St.,
McKillop, Sprague & Co.,

THIS establishment has now been in active operation for nearly twenty-five years. It has its principal offices in New York, and branches in the United States and the British Provinces, as well as in the chief cities of the Old World, and has a very large and growing patronage from Bankers and Merchants.

The reputation of the Agency for care and reliability has become firmly established; and the best evidence which can be given of its value to commercial men is found in their continued and increasing support.

From the records is furnished a detailed statement of the condition of every merchant, with his antecedents and business history. By this an opinion can be formed of the extent to which credit may be safely granted. In connection with this a

Commercial Agency Register is published annually, which has become the Standard Reference Book for dispensers of credit. It contains a classified list of merchants and traders throughout the country, with numerals after each name, indicating the relative commercial standing of each. This work is one of immense magnitude—the last issue containing nearly 300,000 names—and is the result of a great amount of labor.

The publishers have spared neither labor or expense, and have consequently produced a work of unequalled fullness and accuracy. The following are some of the

Opinions of the Press:

[From the Daily Tribune, New York.]
The Commercial Agency Register for 1896, by McKillop & Sprague, has made its appearance, as usual, at the beginning of the year, and is a work of greater magnitude than that of last year. It contains one thousand two hundred pages, double columns, so that the number of firms named must largely exceed two hundred thousand. According to the index, there are over ten thousand cities, towns and villages named in it. These figures show that the compiling alone of such a work involves much labor. The fact that the book meets such rapid sale shows that not only has there been great labor, but great care, given to the compiling, and that confidence is felt in its general accuracy.

[From the Evening Post, New York.]
"The Commercial Agency Register for 1896," published by McKillop & Sprague, of this city, is an entirely new work, each name having been carefully revised. The catalogue contains two hundred and fifty thousand names of bankers, merchants, manufacturers, &c., and the heavy labor of compilation and verification has been performed with diligence and accuracy, making the work a valuable reference for business men. Among the entries we find William Shakespeare publishing a newspaper at Kalamazoo, John Wesley selling flour in Philadelphia, Henry Kirke White selling stationery, and Daniel Webster keeping a liquor shop.

[From the Daily Times, New York.]
McKillop & Sprague's COMMERCIAL AGENCY REGISTER.—McKillop & Sprague's Commercial Agency Register for 1896 has made its appearance, and in point of completeness and accuracy it surpasses any previous edition. It is, substantially, a classified index to the records kept at the office of the publishers, and its comprehensiveness, as well as the labor involved in its preparation, is best indicated by the fact that it reports the standing of over two hundred thousand firms, distributed through ten thousand cities, towns and villages. This edition is nearly twice as large as the last, which is satisfactory proof that the merchants generally are learning to appreciate the necessity of such an index to the standing and responsibility of those who may become their customers.

Barum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

Cool-st place of enjoyment in the city. The old Museum excelled in attraction by the new and present Temple of Amusement. The latest accession of curiosities, purchased at an enormous expense, is the entire collection of the late Gordon Cumming, the great Lion Slayer, consisting of the Heads, Horns, Tusks, Skins, etc., of two Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, Elephants, Giraffes, Lions, Leopards and other African animals, numbering over 3,000 specimens, slain by this intrepid hunter during 15 years' hunting in Africa, and made historic by his reckless daring. A new and spacious Saloon is added, in which to exhibit these great Curiosities without extra charge. To perpetuate the memory of heroes, Miller's National Bronze Portrait Gallery, containing Bronze Portraits of all the celebrated Union Generals, has been opened. In the magnificent Lecture Room, another change, another change! Another week of novelty! Variety! variety! variety! Two new Pantomimes, Mr. G. L. Fox, Miss Kate Penneyer, Mr. C. E. Fox, the Grand Pantomime Company in new characters! New characters! Every afternoon at 2; evening at 8. The great Comic Pantomime, entitled THE GOLDEN AGE, Wonderful Tricks, Mysterious Transformations, and Gorgeous Scenic Effects. Dance by the Lilliputian Wonder, Gen. Grant, Jun. Master Albie Turner, Infant Drummer. To conclude with the Ballet Pantomime of the FRISKY COBBLE, full of Mirth and Merriment. New Accession of Curiosities. To be seen at all hours, a Mammoth Fat Child, 3 years old, weighs 150 lbs.; 3 Dwarf, Glassblowers, German Girl, Living Birds of Rarest Plumage; African Crowned Crane, Black Swan, the African Vulture, the Adjutant; 100 Living Monkeys. Just arrived, the greatest assortment of Monster Snakes ever seen in America; 125 Portraits of N. A. Indian Chiefs. Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquarium, Wax Figures, Geological, Coochological and Numismatic Collections, Historical Relics, 100,000 other Curiosities.

Admission, 50 cents, children under ten, 15 cents.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.—Our readers will permit us to draw their attention to the advertisement of the Opening Fair and Distribution of Premiums, to commence in this city, 24th September next, under the management of J. R. Hawley & Co., old and popular Cincinnati merchants, who have too much reputation at stake, to say nothing of the deserved character of the project, to let it be any other than a straightforward, upright and business-like transaction. Those who patronize this Distribution of Premiums may rely upon being fairly dealt with. The advertisement explains the matter in detail.—Cincinnati Weekly Times.

Health, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bias, is found in AYER'S MEDICINES, after a fruitless search among other remedies. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Holloway's Pills.—Cholera or griping of the bowels.—Laudanum may lull the pain but not destroy it. Morphine sleeps the senses in artificial sleep, without refreshing the invalid. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS not only procure the same results without the baneful effects, but so entirely extinguish the elements of the disease as to promote a speedy cure without danger of relapse.

Important Qualities—Brandreth's PILLS so stimulate all the interior powers of the system that every poison or impurity is forced from the blood into the bowels, and thus passes off. Recent cases of sickness will often be cured by the effect of 6 or 8 of Brandreth's Pills, which, when the operation is full and complete, leave the blood as free from poisonous and unhealthy matter as that of a new-born babe. In colds, inflammatory diseases, and even in cholera, their use restores to health sooner than all other remedies, because they take from the blood and bowels those matters upon which pains, cramps and aches depend for continuance.

Captain Isaac Smith, of Sing Sing, says thirty of Brandreth's Pills, taken according to directions, cured him of a very severe bronchial affection after other means had failed, and he wishes his numerous friends to know the fact.

Brandreth's Pills, Principal Office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold also by all Druggists. See my name on Government stamp, without which the Pills are spurious.

B. BRANDRETH.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make CIDER without apples or any other fruit. It also contains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game; how to make all kinds of Liquors; all kinds of Ointments and Curing Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Ventriloquism Made Easy; Information of Importance to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c., &c. Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents. Address O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau street, New York.

THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE

AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1893. The best and only reliable Billiard Table manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by

PHILAN & COLLENDER,
Corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, N. Y.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES
For the Army and Navy Hospitals. Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann street, New York.

KNOW THY DESTINY!

MADAME REMINGTON, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulist Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotor, guarantees to produce a perfect and life-like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing 50 cents, and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information. Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, New York.

THE ORGAN MANUAL;

Containing Directions and Information respecting the Purchase of an Organ, and the Rectifying of Ciphers and other Simple Casualties without the assistance of a Builder; also, a Brief History of the Organ, and an Account of its Construction. By Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. With an Appendix, containing Remarks on the Use of the Reed Organ. Price 75 cents. Sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Economy!! Sensible!!!

Hereafter I will have my medicines put up in Stocker's Patent Graduated bottles. Why? Because I can get a bottle already graduated, at a trifling expense over a plain bottle, and thereby have a graduate measure at home. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

568-71 HAGERTY BROTHERS, Agents, N. Y.

NEARLY READY.

Frank Leslie's
ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC,
With Over Sixty Illustrations,
And full of useful information.

Sixty-Four Pages, Large Octavo. Price, 50 Cents.

Frank Leslie's
Illustrated Lady's Almanac,
With Over Seventy Illustrations.

Full of useful information and pleasant reading for the ladies.

Sixty-Four Pages, Large Octavo. Price, 50 Cents.

Frank Leslie's
Comic Almanac
With Eighty Illustrations.

Thirty-Two Pages. Price, 15 Cents.

Frank Leslie's Children's Friend.

A GREAT SUCCESS!

Four Numbers of this most entertaining and beautifully illustrated periodical have been issued, and the Fifth Number for August is now ready. Every Number contains twenty or more interesting and elegant engravings, besides Tales, Fairy Stories, Adventures, Poetry, Illustrations of Natural History, Games, Conundrums, Enigmas, and a hundred things to instruct, amuse, and delight the young. Pure in tone, useful and pleasing, it is a real treasure in every family. 10 Cents a copy; \$1 a year.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
537 Pearl street, New York.

Beauty—Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price \$1 18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation.

HUNT & CO., PERFUMERS,
133 South Seventh street, Philadelphia.

Every Man his Own Printer.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, \$10, \$16, \$25 and \$30. Price of an Office, with Press, \$15, \$28, \$40, \$48, and \$71. Send for a Circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water street, Boston.

"How 'Tis Done." Whiskers in six weeks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling, Ventriloquism, etc. 100 great secrets. Free for 25 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinesdale, N. H. 668-81

The Beautiful Art of Enameling the Skin! WHITE FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL, for whitening, beautifying and preserving the complexion, making it soft, fair, smooth, and transparent. It quickly removes tan, freckles, pimples, etc., without injuring the skin. Warranted. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South 7th street, Philadelphia.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent post-paid for 25 cents; 60 photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cents; 100 photographs of Female Beauties for 25 cents; 100 photographs of Actors for 25 cents. Address 680-89 C. SEYMOUR, Box 48, Holland, N. Y.

Agents Wanted for the Desideratum Holder for fastening neck-ties, looping up dress-shirts, etc., etc. Our Agents, male and female, make \$5 to \$10 per day. Circular sent on receipt of stamp. BELL & CO., Springfield, Mass. 668-71

"The Mammoth Informer."

GIVEN AWAY TO EVERYBODY. SEND STAMP FOR IT. How to Write Letters Correctly, 15 cents. How to Woo and Win, 15 cents. Bridal Etiquette, 15 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 658-70

REMOVAL.

American Lead Pencil Company,
New York,
Have removed to
No. 34 John Street, New York.

FACTORY, HUDSON CITY, N. J. 669-71

"Psychomancy."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and good will of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing certain success in love, marriage, etc., free of mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the unmarried of both sexes—an extraordinary book, of great interest. Third edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address

T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.
You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine, an invention urgently needed by everybody. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retails easily for \$6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 6891y

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

Contains the Lady's Guide to Beauty; Parlor Theatricals; the Parlor Magician; How to Make all kinds of Liquors without the use of poisonous articles; How to make all kinds of Powders, Rouge, Salts, Curling Fluids, Hair Dyes, etc.; How to make the Whiskers and Mustache grow; Fortune Teller. Price 25 cents.

Short-Hand Without a Master, by which the nature of taking down Sermons, Lectures, Speeches, Trials, etc., may be attained in a few hours. Fifty-second edition, WITH SUPPLEMENT. Price 25 cents.

Joe Miller, Jr.—A Book crammed full of Jokes, Conundrums, Witty Sayings, Funny Funs, Laughable Conundrums, Humorous Poetry. Price 10 cents.

Ventriloquism Made Easy, and the Second Sight Mystery, as practiced by ROBERT HELLER and others, fully explained. Price 15 cents.

Either of the above will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price, by

O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

Wanted—Agents—\$150 to \$250 per month for ladies and gentlemen, everywhere, to introduce the COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, enlarged, improved and perfected. It will hem, fell, stitch, bind, braid and embroider beautifully, and is fully warranted for five years. Price only \$20. We pay the above wages, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Call on, or address, H. A. REGISTER & CO., 69 Broadway, Room No. 3. All letters answered promptly, with circulars and terms. 669-72

300 per cent. Profit for Agents.—Three Gentle Articles, everywhere needed and sold at sight. All sent, with particulars, free, by mail, for 35 cents. Address E. H. MARTIN, Hinesdale, N. H.

Royal Havana Lottery.

Official Drawing of July 17th 1894.
No. 17718.....drew.....\$100,000
No. 15718.....".....50,000
No. 14317.....".....25,000
No. 22199.....".....10,000
No. 382.....".....5,000
No. 14739.....".....5,000
Being the six capital prizes.
Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubletons and all kinds of gold and silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall st., N. Y.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers to sell, 20 Novel and Useful Articles; profits large. Send stamp for circular.

S. W. RICH & CO.,
83 Nassau street, N. Y.

6,000 AGENTS wanted, to sell SIX NEW INVENTIONS, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15 cts. and get 80 pages, or 25 cts. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis.

661-72 EPHEM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

\$101,004.

SEND FIFTY CENTS.

It will secure a Ticket for the Great Fair to take place in CINCINNATI, the

24th of September next,

and a chance of drawing one of the

50,000 Premiums!

See in another column what the Cincinnati Times says of the Fair. For particulars and circular, address

J. R. HAWLEY & CO.,

No. 104 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

More Suffering, Sorrow and Death, are the results of Indigestion and Dyspepsia than from all other known diseases. COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE is a sure and immediate remedy. It will stop distress after eating as soon as you take it.

Agents Wanted.—\$2,000 a year and expenses to Male or Female Agents, to introduce a new and useful invention, absolutely needed in every household. Agents preferring to work on commission can earn from \$20 to \$50 per day. For particulars address W. G. WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio. 571-740

First-Class Wide Awake Agents, BOTH LOCAL AND TRAVELING,

Can make from \$2 to \$10 per day by applying immediately in person or by letter, (inclosing stamp), to A. G. DAVIS, No. 105 William street, New York, General Agent for Eastern and Middle States of \$101,004.

**WARD'S
Paper Collars
AND CUFFS FOR
LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN,
Wholesale & Retail,
387 BROADWAY, N. Y.**



Ladies' Victoria Turn-over Paper Collar. Ladies' Empress Turn-over Paper Collar.



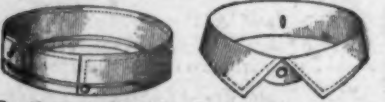
Ladies' English Standing Paper Collar. Ladies' American Standing Paper Collar.



Ladies' French Paper Cuffs. Ladies' English Paper Cuffs.



Gent's Piccadilly Paper Collar. Gent's Shakespeare Paper Collar.



Gentlemen's Standing Paper Collar. Gentlemen's Turnover Paper Collar.



Gent's Reversible Paper Cuffs. Gent's English Paper Cuffs.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

A wholesale price-list sent by mail

Confidential Information for the Married.—Sent free in sealed envelope. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1,130 Broadway, N. Y.

Old Eyes Made New. without Spectacles Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1,130 Broadway, N. Y.

Comfort and Cure for the Ruptured.—Sent free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1,130 Broadway, N. Y.

Medical Common Sense.—400 pages—100 Illustrations, \$1.50. Sent by mail everywhere, post-paid. Contents Table sent free. Address the Author, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1,130 Broadway, N. Y.

FLORENCE

**Lock Stitch Reversible Feed
SEWING MACHINE.**
The Best in the World for Family Use.
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
65-750



HORACE (Colored Person).—"Boss, I see dat you stuff birds and animals. I want you to stuff this ere fine ole war 'oss, dat saved my master, Major Bower's life—for he ran away wid him at Bull Run."

**IMPROVED
Stereopticon-Dissolving View
AND MAGIC LANTERN
Pictures and Apparatus**

Complete outfits and instructions furnished. For illustrated catalogue and information, address W. LAN-GENHEIM, Philadelphia, P. O. Box 1,579 571-740

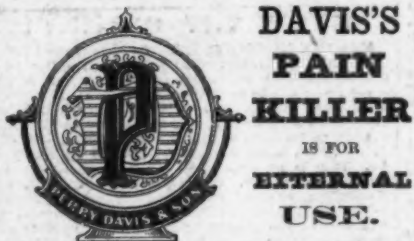
MERCHANTS, BANKERS,
And others should send to all parts of the United States by **MARDEN'S EXPRESS**, 65 Broadway. 570

Stammering

Cured by Bates's Patent Appliances. For Descriptive Pamphlet, etc., address SIMPSON & CO., 277 West 23d street, New York. 570

MADAME JUMEL'S "MAMMARIAL BALM" for enlarging and beautifying the form. Mechanical appliances used when necessary. Madame Jumel's WHISKLE OBLITERATOR. Depot, 363 CANAL ST. Orders mailed to Agent for Madame Jumel promptly attended to. Send for Circular. 561-720

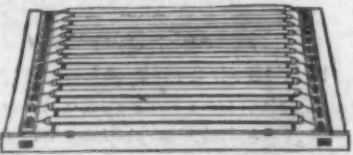
The Rev. Isaac Aiken, Pastor of the Beaver Street Methodist Church, in Alleghany, Pa., states that he has been permanently cured of Dyspepsia, after 15 years' suffering, by the use of COE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE. This is but one of a thousand who have had the same experience.



**DAVIS'S
PAIN
KILLER**
IS FOR
EXTERNAL
USE.

F. GROTE, 78 Fulton Street, corner of Gold, New York, Turner and Dealer in Ivory, Billiard Balls, Checks, Martingale Rings, etc., etc. Also, Cues, Chalk, Cloths, Pockets, Pocket Irons and Bolts, Chalk Cups, etc., etc. Also on hand, Ivory Tablets, Combs, Folders, Pencils, and all kinds of Fancy and Stationers' Ivory Goods. Orders by mail promptly attended to. 570-730

The Tucker Manufacturing Company invite attention to their **IRON BEDSTEADS, CHILD'S BEDS, CRIBS, AND SWING CRADLES**, of new and elegant designs, beautifully finished in **Bronze and Bronze and Gold**. These goods are made with great care, and are pronounced superior to anything produced in the French or English markets. They also call attention to their



TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BED, which combines the essentials of comfort, cleanliness, portability and cheapness. Introduced ten years ago, it has steadily increased in favor, and to-day stands unrivaled, costing less than any Pallasse, or under-bed known. It possesses all the qualities of the most luxurious Spring Bed, and in durability it has no equal. The Trade supplied with Illustrated Catalogue and Price list on application.

59 John Street, New York; or 115, 117 and 119 Court Street, Boston. 566-9

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from \$25 to \$35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. Present population, 7,000. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. E. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune
"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

**REMOVAL.
BROADWAY RUBBER EMPORIUM.**

SHIFFER & CO.,
Have removed from their old store to No. 713 BROADWAY, Corner below New York Hotel. A large and complete assortment of **VULCANITE JEWELRY, INDIA RUBBER and Fancy Goods.** 713 BROADWAY.



WILLIAM T. FRY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fry's Patent Pocket Flasks, DRESSING-CASES, POCKET BOOKS, PORTFOLIOS, INKSTANDS, ETC.
134 & 136 William Street, N. Y.
Every traveler should carry one of Fry's Flasks. For sale at all the principal Drug, Hardware, Fancy Goods, and Sporting Houses in the United States.

**TARRANT'S
A SELTZER APERIENT**
Sold by all Druggists.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

If you want the best fitting, strongest, and most serviceable paper collar ever offered to the public, don't fail to purchase the

PATENT REVERSIBLE PAPER COLLAR

The Most Economical Collar Ever Invented.
Showing the embossed or printed stitch equally well on both sides.

SNOW'S PATENT SCARF HOLDER,
Patented Feb. 14, 1865.
Is made of the best Spring Wire, and is just the thing to wear with Paper Collars, being far superior to elastic cord for holding "Butterflies," "Uniques," "Bows," etc., in place on the shirt button. Also,

BEAN'S PATENT SCARF SUPPORTER,
Patented June 7, 1864.
To be obtained of all Furnishing Goods Dealers throughout the country.
MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO., Agents,
554-790 corw Winthrop Square, Boston.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 TIMES, mailed to any address for 50 cts. THREE of different powers for \$1. Address
F. B. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass.

POLLAK & SON Meer-schaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes \$5 to \$30 each.

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau street, New York. 569-730

MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE

The Best Hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists, and by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Price \$2.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S BALSAM CURES DIARRHEA DYSENTERY CHOLERA



MUSICAL BOXES

Playing from one to thirty-six different tunes, and costing from \$5.50 to \$600. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane, (up-stairs), New York. Musical Boxes repaired.

FIRST PREMIUM.

IMPROVED

\$5 SEWING MACHINE! \$5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY. Originally Patented May 13, 1862; improvement patented June 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment; is NOBELLES in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD OF ALL KINDS, with extraordinary rapidity, making 16 stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirt, Tuck, Run up Breeches, &c.; the strongest machine made. Warranted not to get out of order for THREE YEARS. It has taken the PRIZES at New York and other STATE FAIRS, and received the FULL APPROVAL OF ALL the principal Journals, and of those who have used THEM. THE ONLY Low Price Machine Patented, and that has received a PREMIUM.

"This beautiful Machine stitches at the rate of several yards per minute."—Frank Leslie's

"It sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—N. Y. Independent.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—N. Y. Tribune.

Single Machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per Express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of price, \$5. Safe delivery guaranteed. Agents wanted everywhere. Address all orders to

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Office, 102 Nassau Street, N. Y.

FELLOW'S ORIGINAL

WORM LOZENGES.

We can with confidence point to FELLOW'S WORM LOZENGES as the most perfect remedy for those troublesome pests, Intestinal Worms.

After years of careful experiment, success has crowned our efforts, and we now offer to the world a confection without a single fault, being safe, convenient, effectual and pleasant. No injurious result can occur, let them be used in whatever quantity. Not a particle of calomel enters their composition. They may be used without further preparation, and at any time. Children will eagerly devour all you give them, and ask for more. They never fail in expelling Worms from their dwelling-places, and they will always strengthen the weak and emaciated, even when he is not afflicted with worms.

Price 25 cents per box; five for \$1. A liberal discount to the trade.

In New Brunswick (British Provinces), where these Lozenges were first introduced, and their great value as a Worm Specific discovered, there has been over one hundred gross a year used. Hereafter they will be manufactured at the New England Botanic Depot, Boston, Mass., under the supervision of the Proprietor, GEO. W. SWETT, M.D.

NEW MAGAZINE!

On the 1st of July was issued the First Number of

FRANK LESLIE'S

PLEASANT HOURS.

PRICE 15 CENTS A NUMBER, OR \$1.50 A YEAR.

A Beautifully Illustrated Journal for the Family Circle, Railroad Travelers, etc.

This publication, composed of Original Stories by well-known writers, interspersed with interesting Narratives of Travel and Adventure in all parts of the world; Recent Discoveries in Science; Curious Facts in Natural History; Anecdotes, and a great variety of Entertaining and instructive Miscellaneous Reading, will constitute a new feature in periodical literature. Besides the numerous illustrations in the text, each number will contain **Four Large and Beautiful Engravings on Tinted Paper.**

No effort will be spared to make this Magazine the most attractive, as well as the cheapest of the kind in the United States.

In the first number was commenced "REGGOLIO, THE RENEGADO; OR, THE MINISTREL GEL OF MEXICO," a Spanish-American Tale. By Harry Hazleton.

FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS will supersede and take the place of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW MONTHLY.

All subscriptions to be sent to
FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, N. Y.